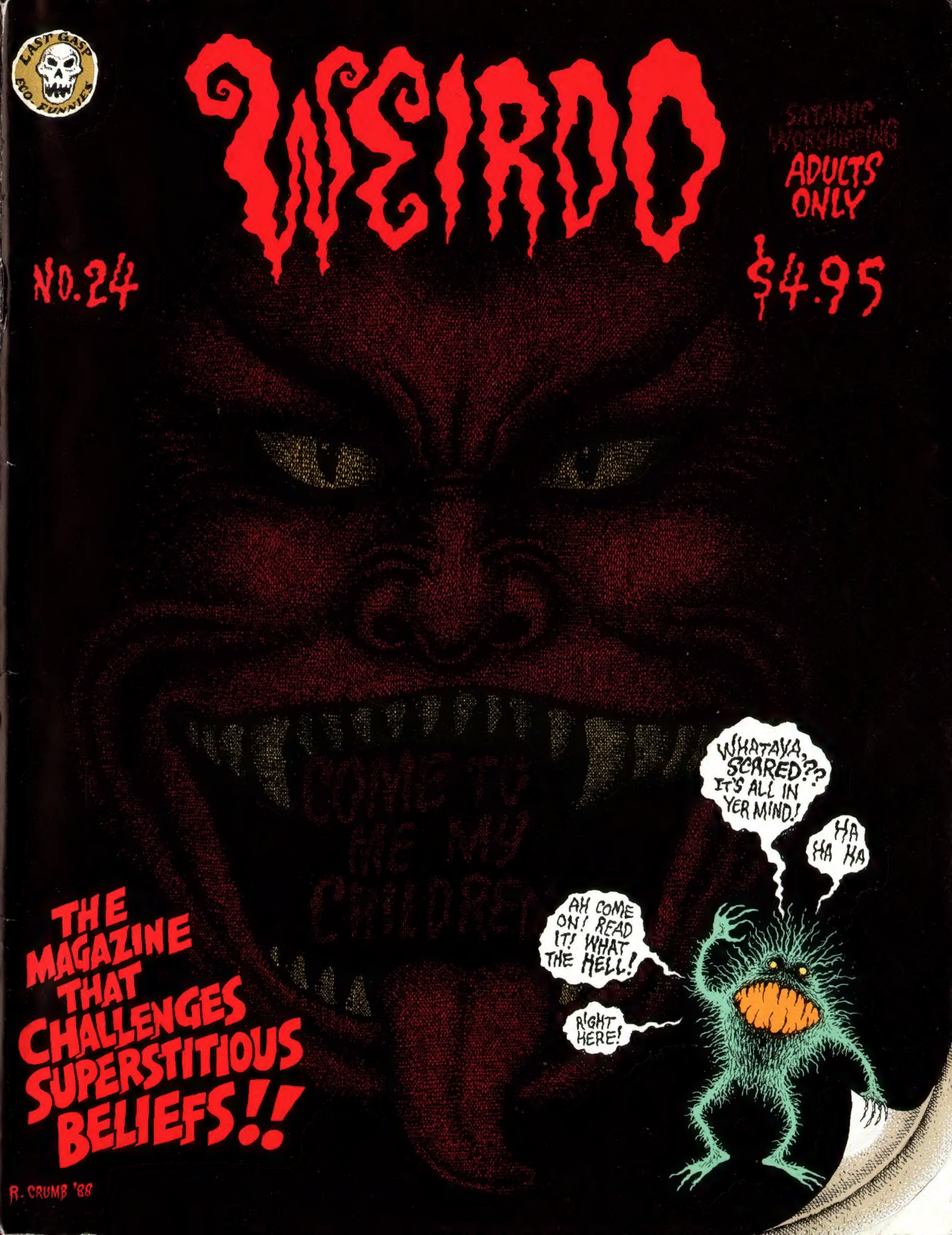
LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES

# WEIRDO

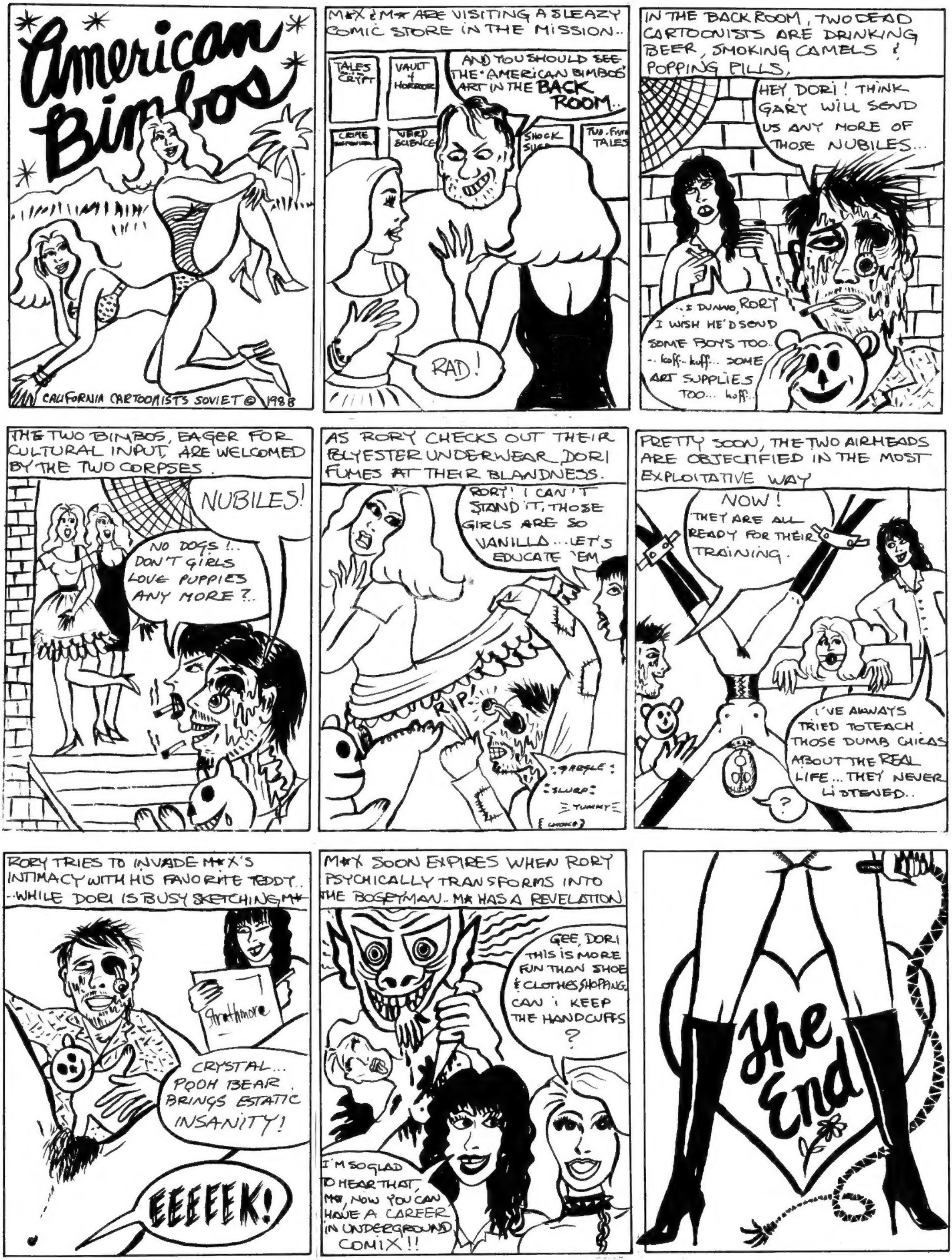
SATANIC WORSHIPPING ADULTS ONLY

NO. 24

$4.95


COME TO ME MY CHILDREN
WHATAYA, SCARED??? IT'S ALL IN YER MIND!
HA HA HA
AH COME ON! READ IT! WHAT THE HELL!
RIGHT HERE!
R. CRUMB '88

THE MAGAZINE THAT CHALLENGES SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEFS!!


American Bimbos
CALIFORNIA CARTOONISTS SOVIET © 1988
M*X & M* ARE VISITING A SLEAZY COMIC STORE IN THE MISSION..
TALES CRYPT
VAULT 4 HORROR
CRIME
WEIRD SCIENCE
SHOCK SUS
TWO-FISTED TALES
AND YOU SHOULD SEE THE "AMERICAN BIMBOS" ART IN THE BACK ROOM..
RAD!
IN THE BACK ROOM, TWO DEAD CARTOONISTS ARE DRINKING BEER, SMOKING CAMELS & POPPING PILLS,
HEY DORI! THINK GARY WILL SEND US ANY MORE OF THOSE NUBILES...
..I DUNNO, RORY I WISH HE'D SEND SOME BOYS TOO.. -..koff..koff... SOME ART SUPPLIES TOO... koff..
THE TWO BIMBOS, EAGER FOR CULTURAL INPUT, ARE WELCOMED BY THE TWO CORPSES.
NUBILES!
NO DOGS!.. DON'T GIRLS LOVE PUPPIES ANY MORE?..
AS RORY CHECKS OUT THEIR POLYESTER UNDERWEAR, DORI FUMES AT THEIR BLANDNESS.
RORY! I CAN'T STAND IT, THOSE GIRLS ARE SO VANILLA...LET'S EDUCATE 'EM.
RIP!
GARGLE
SLURP
YUMMY
CHOKE
PRETTY SOON, THE TWO AIRHEADS ARE OBJECTIFIED IN THE MOST EXPLOITATIVE WAY
NOW! THEY ARE ALL READY FOR THEIR TRAINING.
I'VE ALWAYS TRIED TO TEACH THOSE DUMB CHICAS ABOUT THE REAL LIFE... THEY NEVER LISTENED..
?
RORY TRIES TO INVADE M*X'S INTIMACY WITH HIS FAVORITE TEDDY.. ..WHILE DORI IS BUSY SKETCHING M*
Strathmore
CRYSTAL... POOH BEAR BRINGS ESTATIC INSANITY!
EEEEEK!
M*X SOON EXPIRES WHEN RORY PSYCHICALLY TRANSFORMS INTO THE BOGEYMAN.. M* HAS A REVELATION
GEE, DORI THIS IS MORE FUN THAN SHOE & CLOTHES SHOPPING. CAN I KEEP THE HANDCUFFS?
I'M SO GLAD TO HEAR THAT, M*, NOW YOU CAN HAVE A CAREER IN UNDERGROUND COMIX!!
The End

## HARVEY SEZ

by HARVEY PEKAR

### A WORD TO THE WISE

I'M ALWAYS GETTING STUFF IN THE MAIL FROM BEGINNING WRITERS AND ILLUSTRATORS WHO WANT ME TO HELP THEIR CAREERS ALONG. I ANSWER THEIR INQUIRIES AND TRY TO SAY SOMETHING ENCOURAGING, BUT USUALLY I CAN'T DO MUCH FOR THEM, EVEN IF THEY'RE GIFTED.

TO ALL YOU FRUSTRATED ARTISTS OF VARIOUS KINDS OUT THERE, AND I THINK A LOT READ WEIRDO - CONSIDER SELF PUBLISHING OR SELF PRODUCING, BECAUSE GETTING OTHERS TO PUBUSH OR PRODUCE YOUR WORK, NO MATTER HOW GOOD IT IS, IS EXTRAORDINARILY DIFFICULT IF YOU'RE NOT WELL-CONNECTED AND DON'T HAVE A TRACK RECORD.

THE MAIN REASON IS THAT EDITORS ARE GENERALLY INCOMPETENT WHEN IT COMES TO JUDGING QUALITY. IF YOU WANT TO PROVE THE VALIDITY OF THE PETER PRINCIPAL JUST CHECK OUT SOME OF THE FOOLS WHO HOLD DOWN EDITORSHIPS; MANY DON'T KNOW SHIT FROM SHINOLA ABOUT THE STUFF THEY EVALUATE.

WHY IS THIS? WELL, CONSIDER WHY EDITORS ARE HIRED. FIRST, THEY MUST KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT GRAMMAR, SYNTAX AND OTHER WRITING FUNDAMENTALS TO INSURE THAT THE STUFF THEY CLEAR FOR PUBLICATION IS ACCEPTABLE FROM A TECHNICAL STANDPOINT. NEXT, THEY HAVE TO GIVE THE IMPRESSION THAT THEY HAVE ADMINISTRATIVE ABILITY. THEIR BOSSES MUST FEEL CONFIDENT THAT THEY CAN GET THE BOOK OUT ON TIME, MAKE WRITERS MEET DEADLINES ETC.

EDITORS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR MAKING SURE THE MATERIAL IN THEIR PUBLICATION IS AIMED AT POTENTIAL BUYERS. IF YOUR TRYING TO REACH SEDATE, NINETY YEAR OLD LADIES, YOU DON'T HIT THEM WITH STORIES ABOUT ROCK BANDS. IT DOESN'T MATTER TO MOST EDITORS IF THE WORK THEY PUBLISH IS GOOD; ONLY WHETHER THE TARGETED BUYERS LIKE IT.

EDITORS ARE UNDER PRESSURE TO MAXIMIZE SALES. OFTEN THEY DO THIS BY PITCHING THEIR PUBLICATION TO THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR WITHIN ITS POTENTIAL AUDIENCE, WHICH, PLEASE NOTE, IS NOT ALWAYS THE SAME AS AIMING AT IGNORAMUSES. IGNORAMUSES DON'T OFTEN READ THE NEW YORKER, FOR EXAMPLE, BUT THERE ARE TONS OF PEOPLE WHO DO READ IT AND DON'T KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT POLITICS AND ART AS THEY THINK THEY DO, AND THE EDITORS OF THAT PUBLICATION ARE NO GENIUSES EITHER.

FOR EXAMPLE, THE NEW YORKER'S FICTION IS SUPPOSED TO BE HOT STUFF, BUT MOST OF IT IS WRITTEN BY MAINSTREAM POPULAR AUTHORS WHO ARE COMPETENT AND SOMETIMES GOOD BUT RARELY GREAT. AND BELIEVE ME, FOR WHAT THE NEW YORKER PAYS, THEY COULD GET GREAT WRITERS. BUT GREAT WRITERS ARE OFTEN INNOVATIVE, I.E. THEIR WORK GOES OVER THE HEADS OF NOT ONLY MOST "HIGHBROW" READERS, BUT "HIGHBROW" EDITORS. THERE HAVE BEEN EXCEPTIONS, BUT THE NEW YORKER GENERALLY STAYS AWAY FROM EXPERIMENTAL WRITERS. THEY FAVOR POLISH, CLEVERNESS AND GOOD (FROM A CONVENTIONAL STANDPOINT) TECHNIQUE OVER PROFUNDITY AND ORIGINALITY. (AND, BOY, DO THEY HATE EARTHINESS.)

THE TYPICAL PUBLISHER WANTS TO MAKE GOOD MONEY, THEREFORE, IT'S IMPORTANT THAT HE HAS AN EDITOR WHOSE TASTE IS THE SAME AS, OR SIMILAR TO, THE DUMMIES (LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR) IN HIS TARGETED GROUP - AN EDITOR WHO DOESN'T HAVE TO GUESS WHAT THESE PEOPLE WANT BECAUSE HE WANTS IT TOO.

AS A RULE EDITORS ARE CONSERVATIVE, IF THEIR PUBLICATIONS ARE SELLING O.K. THEY STAY WITH THE SAME WRITERS THEY'VE BEEN USING. WHEN THEY HAVE TO EVALUATE WORK BY PEOPLE THEY'VE NEVER HEARD OF IT CONFUSES THEM. "AFTER ALL," THE EDITOR THINKS, "IF I HAVEN'T HEARD OF THIS GUY HOW GOOD COUL'D HE BE?"

JUDGING A STORY OR POEM OR DRAWING ISN'T THE SAME AS WEIGHING A SACK OF POTATOES, THERE'S SOME SUBJECTIVITY INVOLVED. CONSEQUENTLY, WHEN EDITORS ARE IN DOUBT, BECAUSE THEY'VE NEVER HEARD OF A WRITER OR DON'T KNOW MUCK ABOUT THE SUBJECT OF HIS WORK, NO MATTER HOW INTERESTING IT IS, THEY'RE GOING TO REJECT IT.

SO IF YOU DON'T HAVE A NAME, WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE YOU? OUT IN THE COLD, THAT'S WHERE. ONCE IN A WHILE GIFTED PEOPLE MAKE IT RIGHT AT THE BEGINNING OF THEIR CAREERS, BUT IT'S PRETTY RARE. SAYINGS LIKE, "IT'S NOT WHAT YOU KNOW, IT'S WHO YOU KNOW," AND IT'S BETTER TO BE LUCKY THAN GOOD" HAVE A GOOD DEAL OF TRUTH IN THEM.

THE THING FOR ASPIRING WRITERS AND ILLUSTRATORS TO DO AT FIRST IS TO GET PUBLISHED AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE EVEN IF THEY DON'T MAKE MONEY, EVEN IF THEY LOSE MONEY. SELF PUBLISH, YOU CAN PROBABLY AFFORD TO XEROX A BOOKLET OF YOUR WORK AND SEND IT AROUND. GET IN FANZINES, ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT PAPERS. GET YOUR NAME AROUND. THEN, WHEN YOU GO TO AN EDITOR YOU CAN SHOW HIM YOU'VE BEEN PUBLISHED. HE'LL TAKE YOU MORE SERIOUSLY. IT'LL GIVE HIM CONFIDENCE IN YOU; HE'LL THINK, "GEE, SOMEBODY PRINTED THIS GUY'S STUFF, HOW BAD CAN HE BE?"

KEEP POUNDING AWAY. DEVELOP A THICK SKIN. REMEMBER THAT, WHOEVER'S JUDGING YOUR STUFF PROBABLY DOESN'T KNOW HIS ASS FROM A HOLE IN THE GROUND, SO DON'T GET TOO UPSET BY REJECTION.

OF COURSE IF YOU REALLY LIKE WRITING AND/OR DRAWING IT MAKES A BIG DIFFERENCE. IF YOU ENJOY DOING THESE THINGS DON'T LET YOUR LACK OF INCOME FROM IT DEPRESS YOU. YOU BETTER LIKE THEM. I'VE BEEN IN THE WRITING RACKET SINCE 1959 AND I STILL HAVE TO MAKE A LIVING AS A FILE CLERK.

WELL, UH . . . LOTSA LUCK.

# WEIRDO

NUMBER 24 "STIR UP THE SHIT!" WINTER 1988-'89

## Letters to the Editor:

Aline Kominsky Crumb
P.O. Box 533
Winters, Ca. 95694

SO MY FELLOW TRAVELERS WE'RE ALMOST AT THE END OF ANOTHER SWELL DECADE . . . YES, THE 90'S ARE ALMOST HERE + WHO KNOWS WHAT FABULOUS CHANGES ARE IN STORE FOR US? (I'M PURPOSELY NOT DWELLING ON THE RECENT ELECTION; AFTER ALL THIS IS ART + WE'RE ALLOWED TO CREATE A MORE PERFECT, FANTASY UNIVERSE HERE.) SOPHIE'S GENERATION IS COMIN' UP STRONG, SAPPING ALL OUR VITAL ENERGY, SO LET THEM FIGURE IT OUT! EH? ALL I KNOW IS I'M OLD + I STILL WANT TO HAVE A FEW LAUGHS BEFORE I FALL APART... BUT SERIOUSLY, SOME OF YOU DEEP THINKING PHILOSOPHERS OUT THERE FEEL THE NEED TO WORRY + BE RELEVANT SOCIAL MOVERS + I SENSE FROM THE MAIL AN ACUTE CASE OF "DECADE PHOBIA." MAYBE ITS BECAUSE MOST OF YOUR YOUNG LIVES HAVE BEEN LIVED UNDER THE REGAN-BUSH REGIME! I GUESS I CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR BEING ANXIOUS. (GAWD... YOU MISSED ALL THAT LOOSE SEX + DRUGS THAT WE HAD IN THE 60'S) SOME O' YOU KIDS HAVE ASKED ME OR EVEN SUGGESTED THAT I END WEIRDO BECAUSE ITS 80'S! WELL, ALSO ITS COMING UP TO THE 25th ISSUE, ITS SILVER ANNIVERSARY. MAYBE IT IS THE END OF AN ERA!! PERHAPS I COULD START AN UPDATED VERSION OF THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION FOR THE OVER 40 WOMAN WHO WANTS TO KEEP UP WITH THE YOUNGER FOLKS OR HOW ABOUT PARENTING FOR PORNOGRAPHERS?! ONLY KIDDING... BUT SERIOUSLY, IF I END WEIRDO WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ALL THE GREAT WORK I HAVE HERE IN MY DRAWER? AND WHO WILL DISCOURAGE ALL YOU NO-TALENT HALF-ASSED, ARTISTS + WRITERS?? I DUNNO. I COULD SPEND MORE OF MY VALUABLE TIME AT THE GYM. I'D LIKE TO DO MORE LIFTING + WEIRDO IS CUTTING INTO MY WORK OUT TIME. ANYWAY, I'M CURIOUS TO HEAR WHAT SOME OF YOU INTELLIGENT READERS THINK ABOUT ALL THIS! DO YOU THINK WEIRDO SHOULD PLOD ON INTO THE 90'S? OR SHOULD I DEVOTE MORE TIME TO MY BODY?? (IT ALREADY LOOKS GAWGEOUS!)

P.S. HEY HARVEY.. GIMME A BREAK! AS AN EDITOR I'M NOT MAKING MONEY FOR ANYBODY, DON'T HAVE A HANDLE ON MY AUDIENCE + I'M PRACTICALLY ILLITERATE! MY MAIN FAULTS ARE DISORGANIZATION + A PREFERENCE FOR FUN OVER WORK!

DEAR ALINE,

I AM A LONG TERM FAN OF YOUR HUSBAND AND YOURSELF. WELL, HE GETS TOP BILLING BECAUSE HE WAS FIRST WASN'T HE? (I ACTUALLY STARTED READING ZAP IN '69.) I JUST THINK THAT THE OLD FART IS ONE GODDAMN LUCKY GUY TO HAVE AN EXCITING, VIVACIOUS, CHARMING WOMAN LIKE YOURSELF AS A WIFE. AND SO OBVIOUSLY GOOD AT PRODUCING CHILDREN! MY BEST TO SOPHIE....

IF YOU HAVE TO REMIND HIM OF THAT, WELL, GO AHEAD. IT CAN ONLY DO THE OLD FUSSBUDGET SOME GOOD. IN ALL SERIOUSNESS, YOU HAVE A DELIGHTFUL SENSE OF HUMOR, I THINK EVEN MORE TWISTED THAN HIS. HE'S DEPRESSED, SURE, BUT YOU HAVE YOUR MIND SET ON THE REAL PRIORTIES OF LIFE. FOOD, BOOZE, EXERCIZE, SEX....

YOU ARE THE GREATEST!

P.S. I'M 34, CUTE + SINGLE.

GEORGE W. WEBBER
SAUSALITO, CA. 94965

ED: BOYS.... THIS IS THE KIND OF LETTER THAT WILL IMPROVE YOUR STANDING WITH THE WEIRDO EDITORIAL STAFF!!

aline

DEAR ALINE,

WHEN I SAW THE NEW ISSUE OF WERDO ON THE STANDS, I COULD HARDLY BELIVE MY DRAWING OF YOU WAS INSIDE. NEEDLESS TO SAY SEEING IT AMONGST ALL THE OTHER GREAT STUFF REALLY MADE ME FEEL GOOD.

OF CORSE I AM NOW THE ENVY OF ALL MY FRIENDS, EVEN THE SO CALLED IN-CROWD HAS BEEN INVITEING ME TO THEIR TRENDY PARTIES WHERE EVERYONE DRINKS "STOLIE" ON THE ROCKS AND SPEEKS WITH AFFECTED BRITISH ACCENTS. I AM AMAZED BY MY TRANSFORMATION FROM A DULL DUD TO A HAPPENING DUDE. YES THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN PHYCOTHERPY WERE NOT ABLE TO DO WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PRODUCE. I ONLY WISH THAT ANDY WARHOL + TRUMAN CAPOTE WERE STILL AROUND SO I'D KNOW THAT I HAD REACHED THE TOP ECHILON PARTY LEVIL.

WELL BACK TO REALITY. I AM OFF UNEMPLOYMENT AND WORKING AS A LIFE GUARD. IT'S A BIG SWITCH FROM 8 YEARS OF OFFICES. THAT HAD LEFT ME MENTALLY + PHYICZLY A MESS. THERE ARE SO MANY DIFFERENT TYPES OF PHYIQUES HERE IT BOGGLES THE MIND!

HAVE A PLESZNT SUMMER.

THANKS MUCH
JOHN T.

DEAR ALINE,

I HAVE A QUESTION. WHAT THE HELL EVER HAPPENED TO THE SLOW DEATH/GREG IRONS, ROBERT WILLIAMS SCHOOL OF COMICS? I LOVE WEIRDO BUT IT SEEMS THAT IT'S ONE OF THE ONLY COMIC MAGS LEFT WITH SOME GUTS. AS AN AMATEUR COMICS ARTIST MYSELF, I SEE A LOT OF WORTHLESSNESS IN THE BUSINESS. OUR OWN MAGAZINES (I HAVE A PARTNER) ARE DRUG-SEX-AND-VIOLENCE ASSAULTS, MIXING SUPERGRAPHIC CHEAP THRILLS WITH INFORMATIVE INFORMATION (IS THAT REDUNDANT OR WHAT?) ABOUT OUR FAVORITE ENEMIES (I.E. TV PREACHERS, ORGANIZED RELIGION IN GENERAL AND ALL REPUBLICANS). THE PROBLEM IS, THERE SEEMS TO BE MUCH MORE OF THE CONFESSIONAL, DEMI-YUPPIE JAMES-TAYLOR-IN-INK SCHOOL, AND I REALLY NEVER SAW THAT AS THE PURPOSE OF UNDERGROUNDS (ANY MORE THAN I COULD STAND TO LISTEN TO JT). A FEW EXAMPLES FROM WEIRDO'S OWN PAGES COME TO MIND: DIDI HAS AN ORGASM, I KNOW MEATS, ETC. THESE WERE STORIES WHICH WERE WELL EXECUTED, AND ENJOYABLE, BUT THEY DIDN'T PROVOKE THE IMMEDIATE AMUSED, FUCK-THE-CORPORATE-POWER-BROKERS REACTION TO BE GLEANED FROM, SAY, "CORPORATE CANCER" (SLOW DEATH 10). I, OF COURSE, DO NOT INCLUDE YOUR SARDONIC WORK AS PART OF THE SYNDROME, AND CERTAINLY NOT ROBERT'S (OR "GOD" AS I LIKE TO REFER TO HIM). BUT I THINK THERE IS A POINT TO BE MADE: KEEP WEIRDO ANGRY, IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE (AND DON'T THINK I'M AN OLD HIPPIE, I'M 23. MY FAVORITE GROUP IS THE GRATEFUL DEAD, ESPECIALLY THE FIRST 4 ALBUMS).

KEEP THE FAITH, MAN.

TONY ENGLE
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

PS. I LOVED YOUR CHARACTERS IN SEX-CRAZED HOUSWIFE, THE ONES IN ZIPPY T-SHIRTS. I'M 23, BUT I KNOW! WHEN WE WERE IN SCHOOL (CLASS OF 82-83) WE SWALLOWED DRUGS, DRANK LIKE FISH, FUCKED LIKE BUNNIES + SMOKED LIKE CHIMNEYS AND YET WE RETAINED NOT ONLY OUR INTELLECT AND HATRED OF SOCIETY, BUT ALSO GOT A LOT OF CREATIVE WORK DONE. NOW I SEE THESE KIDS 16, 17, 18, AND NOT ONLY ARE THEY "STRAIGHT" AND LARGELY "CELIBATE," BUT DESPITE THEIR CAREFULNESS AND HEALTH, THEY'RE STUPID AS FUCK-ALL!! I REALLY DUG WHAT YOU WERE SAYING.

DEAR ALINE,

THANKS FOR THE LATEST WEIRDOS. GOOD STUFF, THO MAYBE NOT AS CONSISTENTLY BRILLIANT AS OTHER ALINE-WEIRDOS. WUZZAMATTER? SPENDING ALL YOUR TIME JET-SETTING INSTEAD OF KEEPING YOUR NOSE PRESSED INTO A PILE OF WEIRDO BULLSHIT?

LIKED MY STUFF (NATCH), THE DIRTY LAUNDRY (GOD-DAMN, YOU GUYS ARE ACTUALLY CHEERFUL FOR CHRISSAKES, DON'T YOU KNOW ITS HIP TO BE SUFFERING, TORMENTED NIHILISTS!), DUNCAN'S PSYCHOBABBLE, LITTLE LILLY (THAT KID IS TRULY A WONDER OF NATURE, 6 YRS. OLD + SHE ALREADY DRAWS HANDS BETTER THAN ME (THOUGH THATS NOT SAYING MUCH), AND YOUR ALWAYS-HILARIOUS EDITORIAL SPEIL (CONSIDERING WHAT A BLATANT EXHIBITIONISTS YOU SEEM TO BE I'M SURPRISED YOU NEVER TOOK A WHACK AT STAND-UP COMEDY. I SUSPECT MOST CARTOONISTS ARE FRUSTRATED COMEDIANS WHO DON'T HAVE THE BALLS TO STAND UP IN FRONT OF AN AUDIENCE, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ACTION DUDES LIKE HARVEY PEKAR.). ALSO IN THE YUK DEPT. IS BAT GIRL. WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO-- MAKE WEIRDO INTO THE ANTI-COSMOPOLITAN?

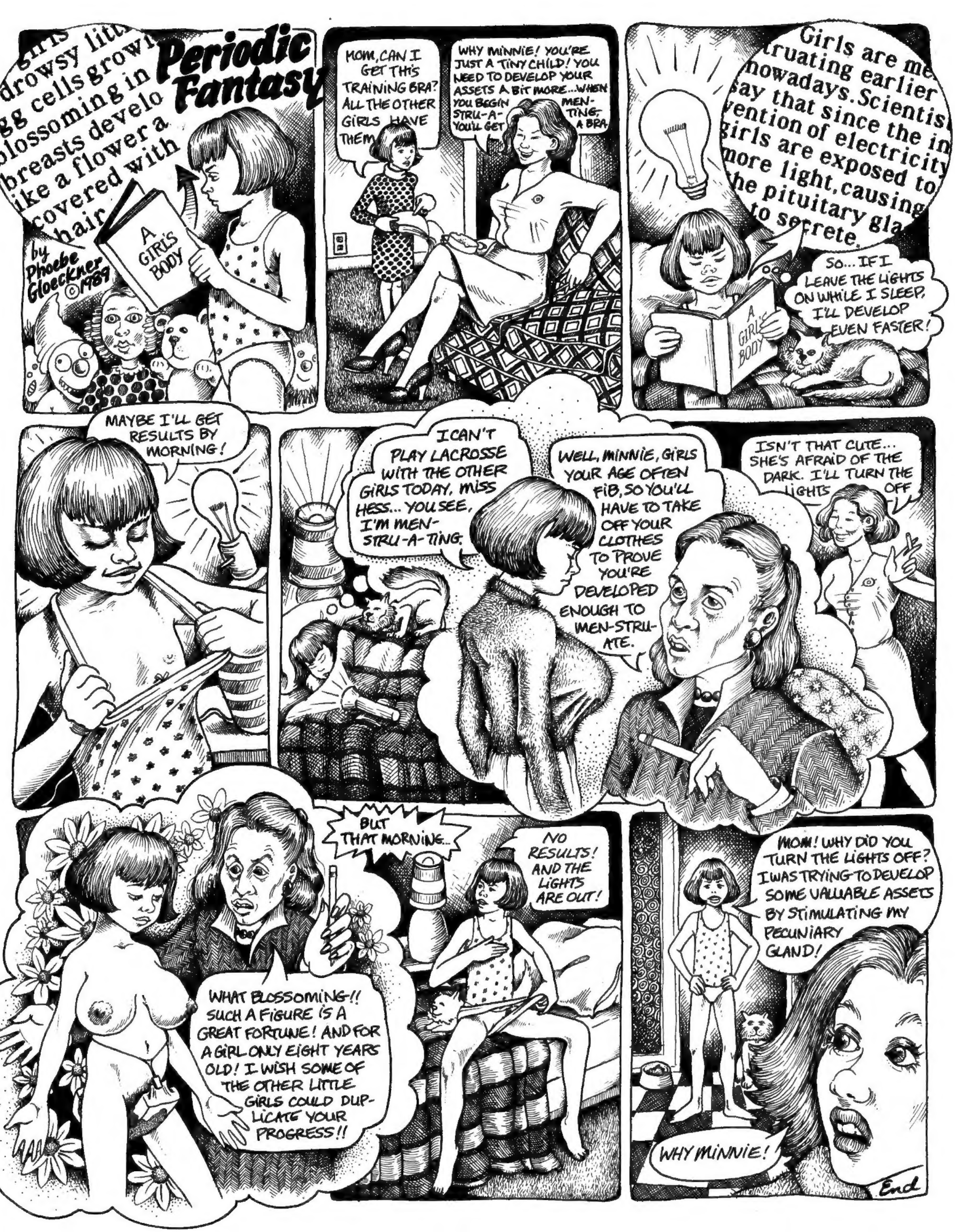
OVER + OUT
ACE BACKWARDS

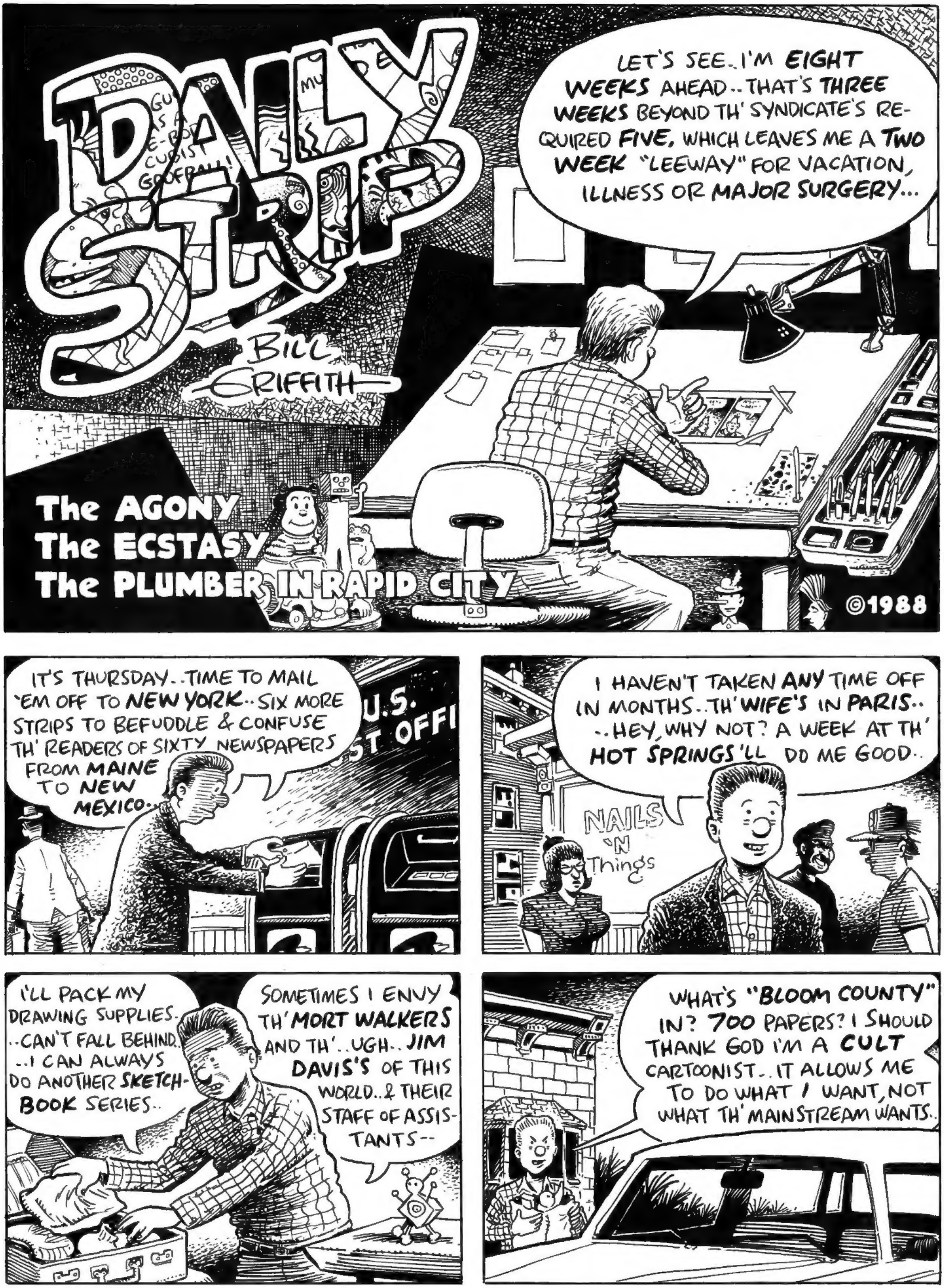
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

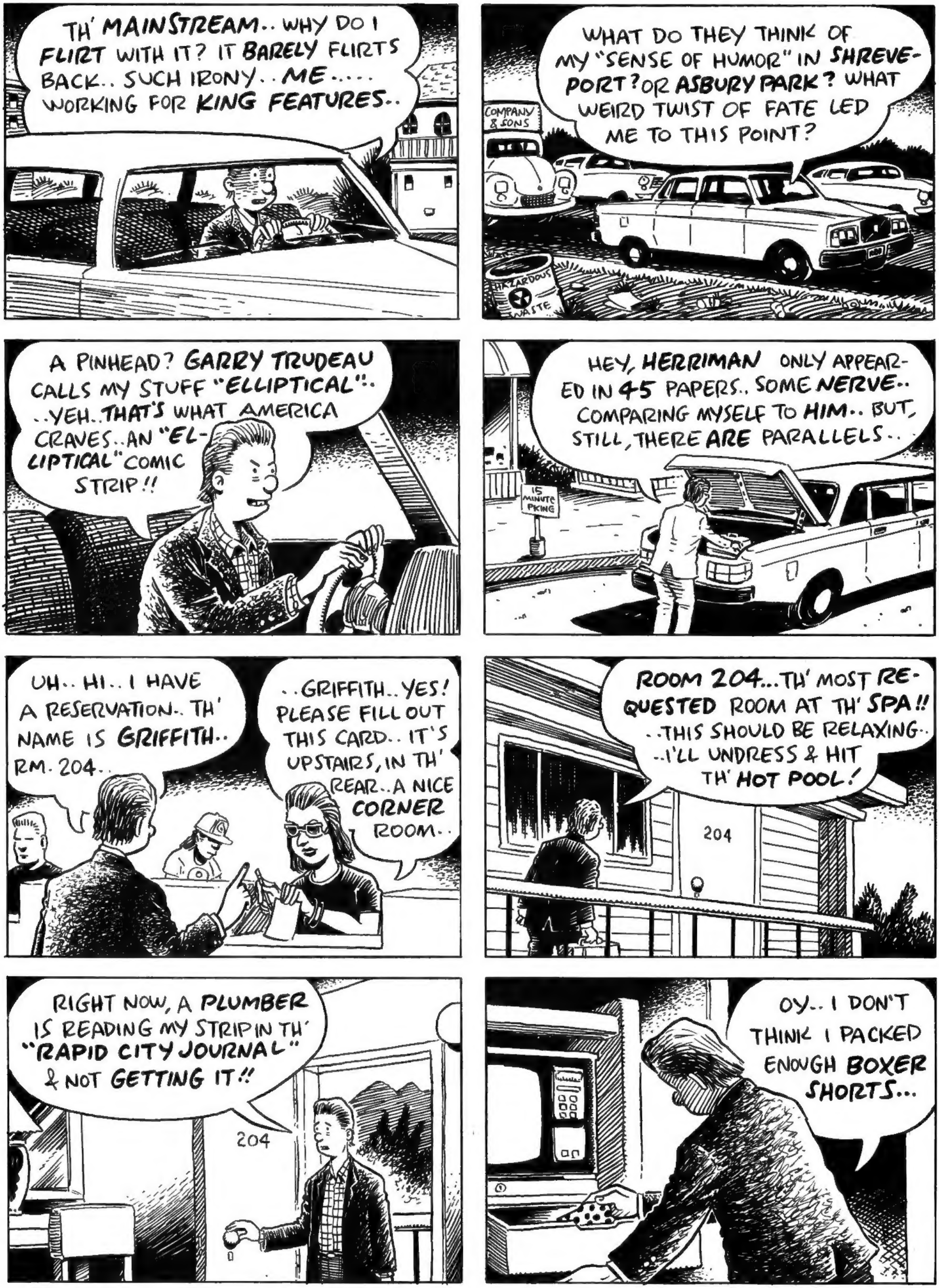
**CORN FED COMICS!** RECENTLY I UNEARTHED 23 COPIES OF MY FIRST COMIC, CORN FED #1. EACH ONE IS AUTOGRAPHED BY ME AND CELEBRATED AUTHOR, FOWLTON MEANS. SEND $6.00 FOR YOUR COPY, WHILE THEY LAST! SEND TO
KIM DEITCH c/o
E.R. BERGDOLL
ELM BANK
DUTTON V.A. 23050

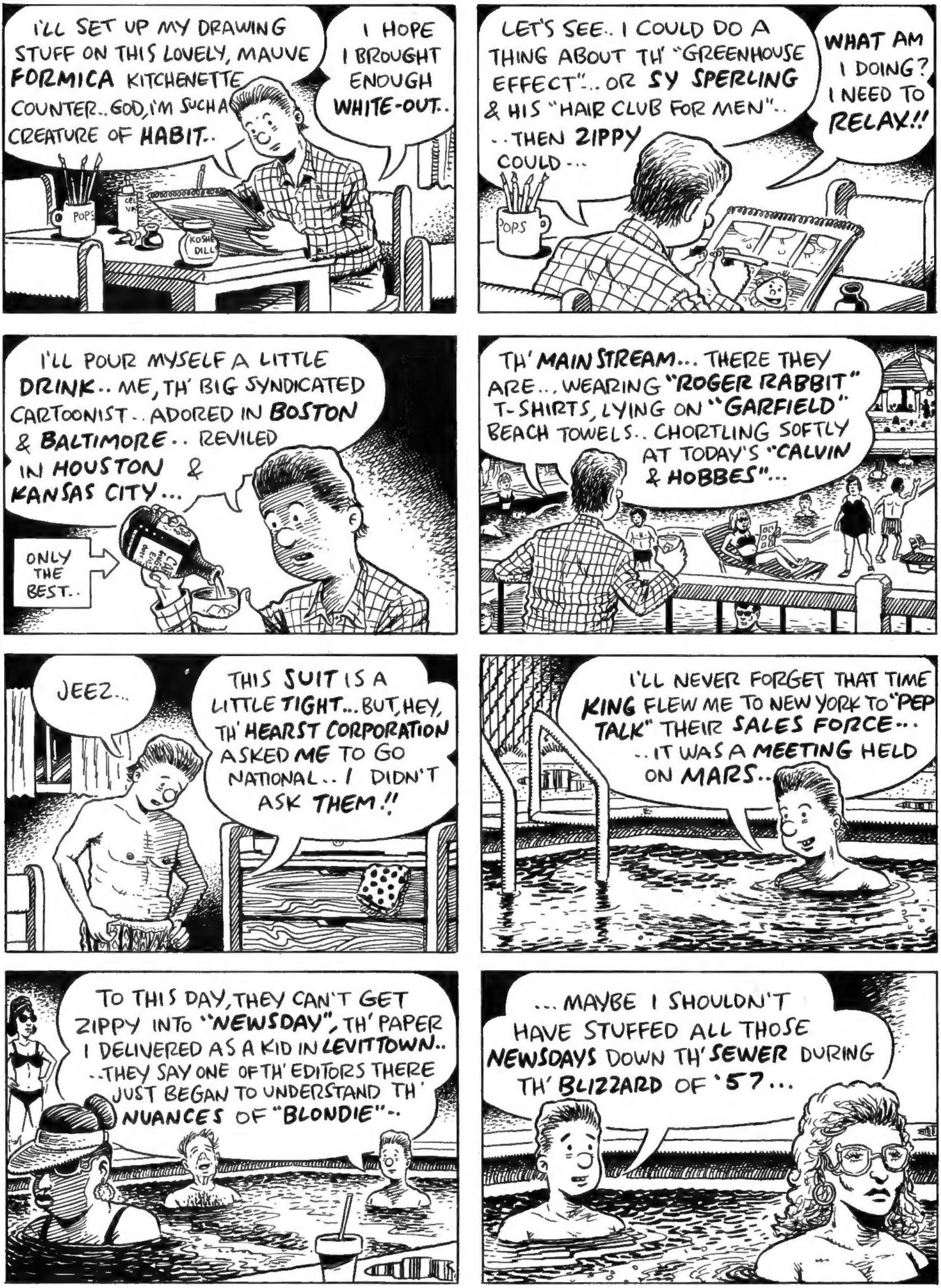
DIVERTING!
THE PERFECT STOCKING STUFFER!

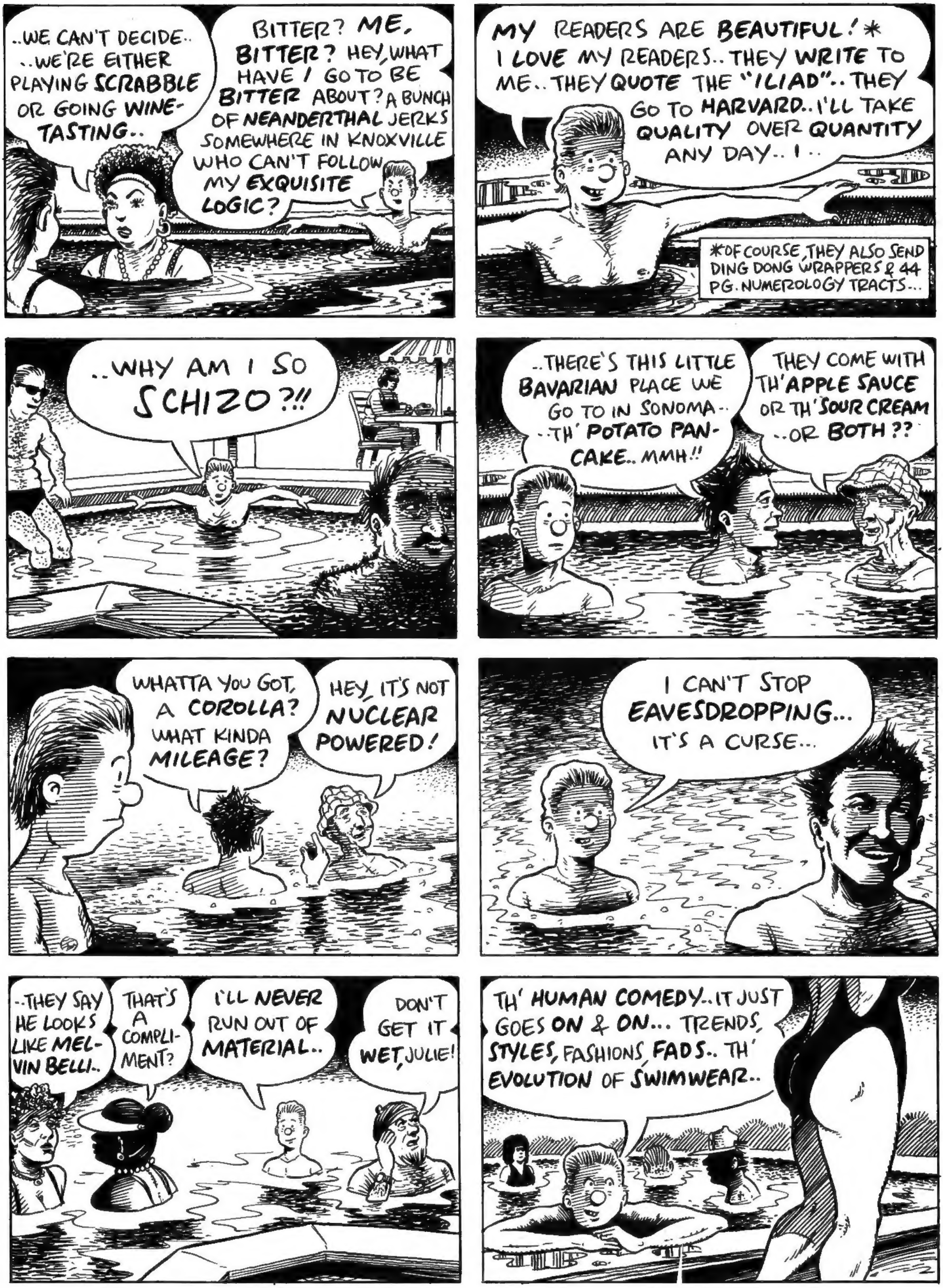
WEIRDO, NO. 24, WINTER 1988-'89. PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES, P.O. BOX 410067, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., 94141. ©1988 by ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB, R. CRUMB,

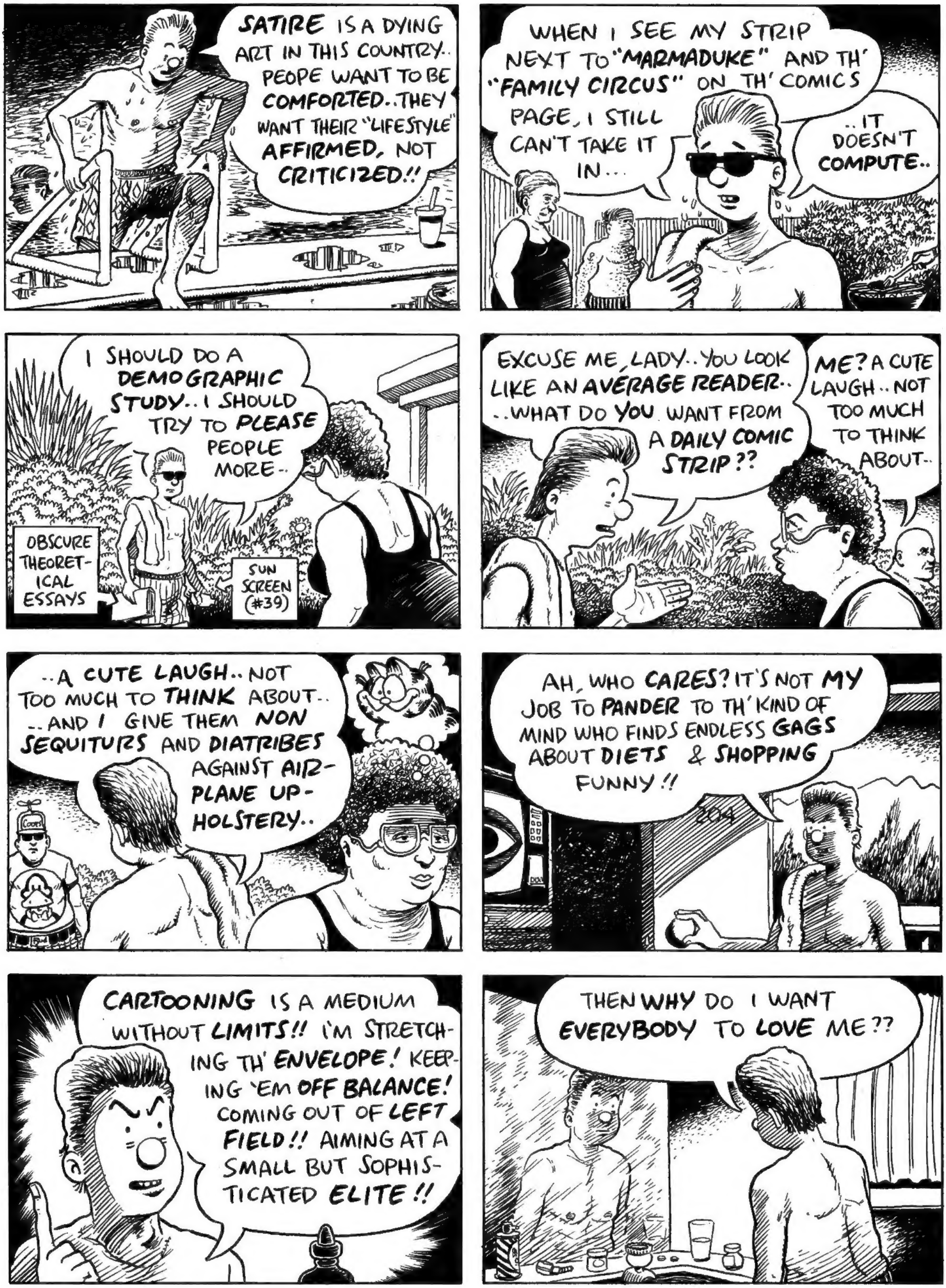

Periodic Fantasy
by Phoebe Gloeckner ©1989
girls drowsy litt egg cells growi blossoming in breasts develo ike a flower a covered with hair
A GIRL'S BODY
MOM, CAN I GET THIS TRAINING BRA? ALL THE OTHER GIRLS HAVE THEM.
WHY MINNIE! YOU'RE JUST A TINY CHILD! YOU NEED TO DEVELOP YOUR ASSETS A BIT MORE... WHEN YOU BEGIN MEN-STRU-A-TING, YOU'LL GET A BRA.
Girls are me truating earlier nowadays. Scientis say that since the in vention of electricity girls are exposed to more light, causing he pituitary gla to secrete.
SO... IF I LEAVE THE LIGHTS ON WHILE I SLEEP, I'LL DEVELOP EVEN FASTER!
A GIRL'S BODY
MAYBE I'LL GET RESULTS BY MORNING!
I CAN'T PLAY LACROSSE WITH THE OTHER GIRLS TODAY, MISS HESS... YOU SEE, I'M MEN-STRU-A-TING.
WELL, MINNIE, GIRLS YOUR AGE OFTEN FIB, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES TO PROVE YOU'RE DEVELOPED ENOUGH TO MEN-STRU-ATE.
ISN'T THAT CUTE... SHE'S AFRAID OF THE DARK. I'LL TURN THE LIGHTS OFF
WHAT BLOSSOMING!! SUCH A FIGURE IS A GREAT FORTUNE! AND FOR A GIRL ONLY EIGHT YEARS OLD! I WISH SOME OF THE OTHER LITTLE GIRLS COULD DUPLICATE YOUR PROGRESS!!
BUT THAT MORNING...
NO RESULTS! AND THE LIGHTS ARE OUT!
MOM! WHY DID YOU TURN THE LIGHTS OFF? I WAS TRYING TO DEVELOP SOME VALUABLE ASSETS BY STIMULATING MY PECUNIARY GLAND!
WHY MINNIE!
End

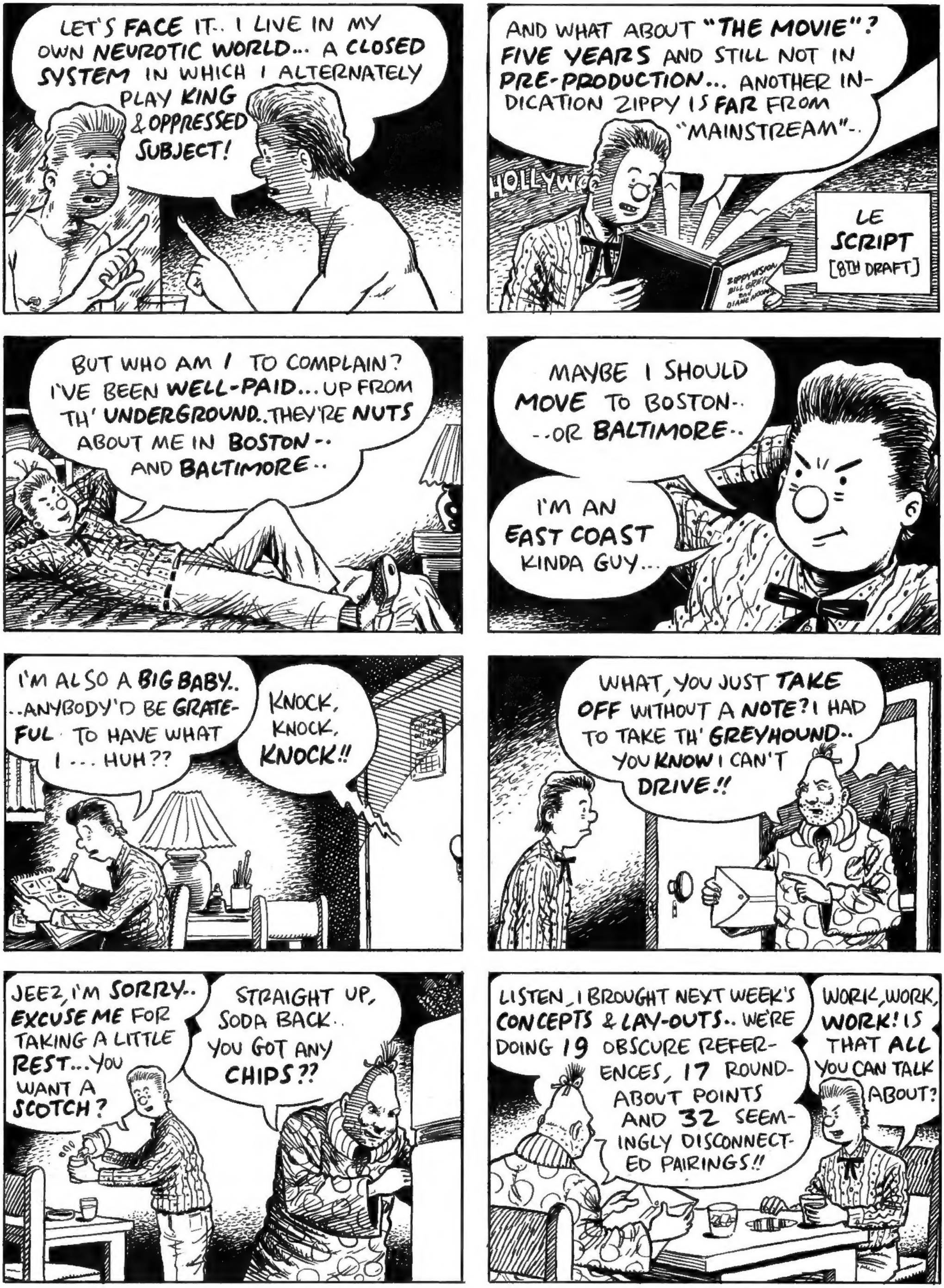

DAILY STRIP
BILL GRIFFITH
LET'S SEE.. I'M EIGHT WEEKS AHEAD.. THAT'S THREE WEEKS BEYOND TH' SYNDICATE'S REQUIRED FIVE, WHICH LEAVES ME A TWO WEEK "LEEWAY" FOR VACATION, ILLNESS OR MAJOR SURGERY...
The AGONY
The ECSTASY
The PLUMBER IN RAPID CITY
©1988
IT'S THURSDAY.. TIME TO MAIL 'EM OFF TO NEW YORK.. SIX MORE STRIPS TO BEFUDDLE & CONFUSE TH' READERS OF SIXTY NEWSPAPERS FROM MAINE TO NEW MEXICO..
U.S. POST OFFI
I HAVEN'T TAKEN ANY TIME OFF IN MONTHS.. TH' WIFE'S IN PARIS.. ..HEY, WHY NOT? A WEEK AT TH' HOT SPRINGS'LL DO ME GOOD..
NAILS 'N Things
I'LL PACK MY DRAWING SUPPLIES.. ..CAN'T FALL BEHIND.. ..I CAN ALWAYS DO ANOTHER SKETCH-BOOK SERIES..
SOMETIMES I ENVY TH' MORT WALKERS AND TH'.. UGH.. JIM DAVIS'S OF THIS WORLD.. & THEIR STAFF OF ASSISTANTS--
WHAT'S "BLOOM COUNTY" IN? 700 PAPERS? I SHOULD THANK GOD I'M A CULT CARTOONIST.. IT ALLOWS ME TO DO WHAT I WANT, NOT WHAT TH' MAINSTREAM WANTS..

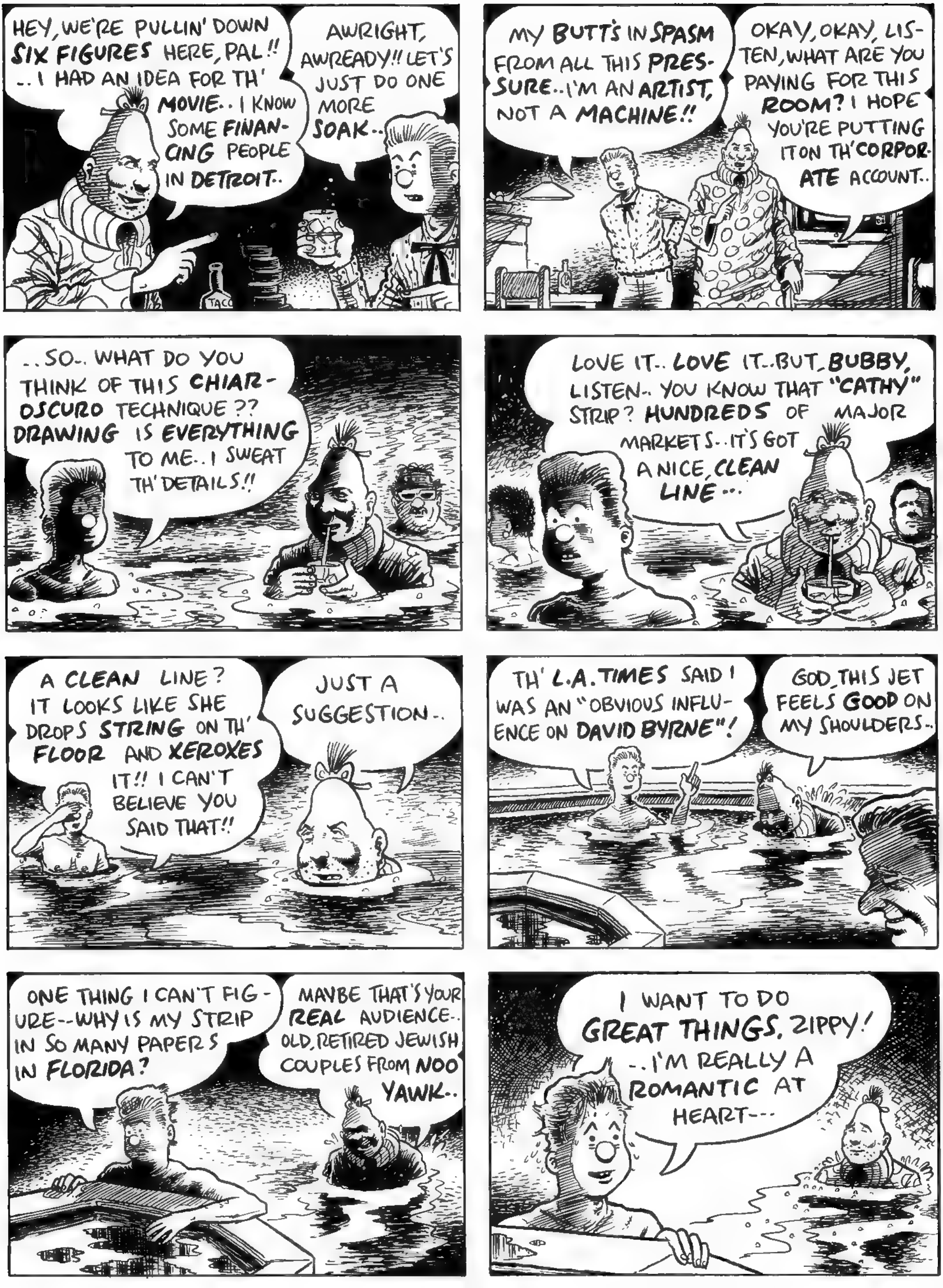

TH' MAINSTREAM.. WHY DO I FLIRT WITH IT? IT BARELY FLIRTS BACK.. SUCH IRONY.. ME..... WORKING FOR KING FEATURES..
WHAT DO THEY THINK OF MY "SENSE OF HUMOR" IN SHREVEPORT? OR ASBURY PARK? WHAT WEIRD TWIST OF FATE LED ME TO THIS POINT?
COMPANY & SONS
HAZARDOUS WASTE
A PINHEAD? GARRY TRUDEAU CALLS MY STUFF "ELLIPTICAL"!.. ..YEH..THAT'S WHAT AMERICA CRAVES..AN "ELLIPTICAL" COMIC STRIP!!
HEY, HERRIMAN ONLY APPEARED IN 45 PAPERS.. SOME NERVE.. COMPARING MYSELF TO HIM.. BUT, STILL, THERE ARE PARALLELS..
15 MINUTE PKING
UH.. HI.. I HAVE A RESERVATION.. TH' NAME IS GRIFFITH.. RM. 204..
..GRIFFITH..YES! PLEASE FILL OUT THIS CARD.. IT'S UPSTAIRS, IN TH' REAR..A NICE CORNER ROOM..
ROOM 204...TH' MOST REQUESTED ROOM AT TH' SPA!! ..THIS SHOULD BE RELAXING.. ..I'LL UNDRESS & HIT TH' HOT POOL!
204
RIGHT NOW, A PLUMBER IS READING MY STRIP IN TH' "RAPID CITY JOURNAL" & NOT GETTING IT!!
204
OY.. I DON'T THINK I PACKED ENOUGH BOXER SHORTS...

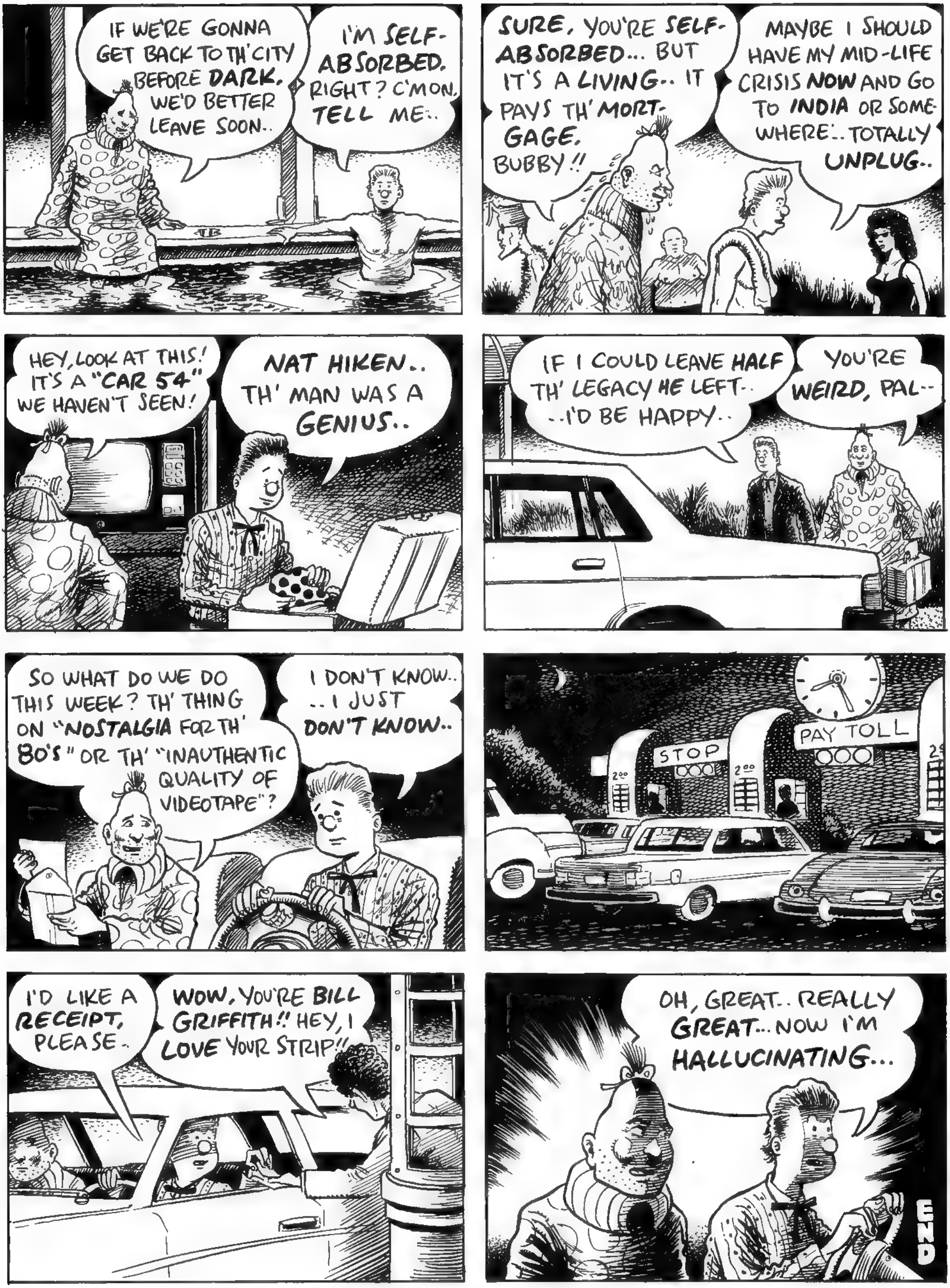

I'LL SET UP MY DRAWING STUFF ON THIS LOVELY, MAUVE FORMICA KITCHENETTE COUNTER.. GOD, I'M SUCH A CREATURE OF HABIT..
I HOPE I BROUGHT ENOUGH WHITE-OUT..
POPS
KOSHE DILL
LET'S SEE.. I COULD DO A THING ABOUT TH' "GREENHOUSE EFFECT".. OR SY SPERLING & HIS "HAIR CLUB FOR MEN".. ..THEN ZIPPY COULD...
WHAT AM I DOING? I NEED TO RELAX!!
POPS
I'LL POUR MYSELF A LITTLE DRINK.. ME, TH' BIG SYNDICATED CARTOONIST.. ADORED IN BOSTON & BALTIMORE.. REVILED IN HOUSTON & KANSAS CITY...
ONLY THE BEST..
TH' MAINSTREAM... THERE THEY ARE... WEARING "ROGER RABBIT" T-SHIRTS, LYING ON "GARFIELD" BEACH TOWELS.. CHORTLING SOFTLY AT TODAY'S "CALVIN & HOBBES"...
JEEZ..
THIS SUIT IS A LITTLE TIGHT... BUT, HEY, TH' HEARST CORPORATION ASKED ME TO GO NATIONAL.. I DIDN'T ASK THEM!!
I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT TIME KING FLEW ME TO NEW YORK TO "PEP TALK" THEIR SALES FORCE... ..IT WAS A MEETING HELD ON MARS..
TO THIS DAY, THEY CAN'T GET ZIPPY INTO "NEWSDAY", TH' PAPER I DELIVERED AS A KID IN LEVITTOWN.. ..THEY SAY ONE OF TH' EDITORS THERE JUST BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND TH' NUANCES OF "BLONDIE"..
...MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE STUFFED ALL THOSE NEWSDAYS DOWN TH' SEWER DURING TH' BLIZZARD OF '57...

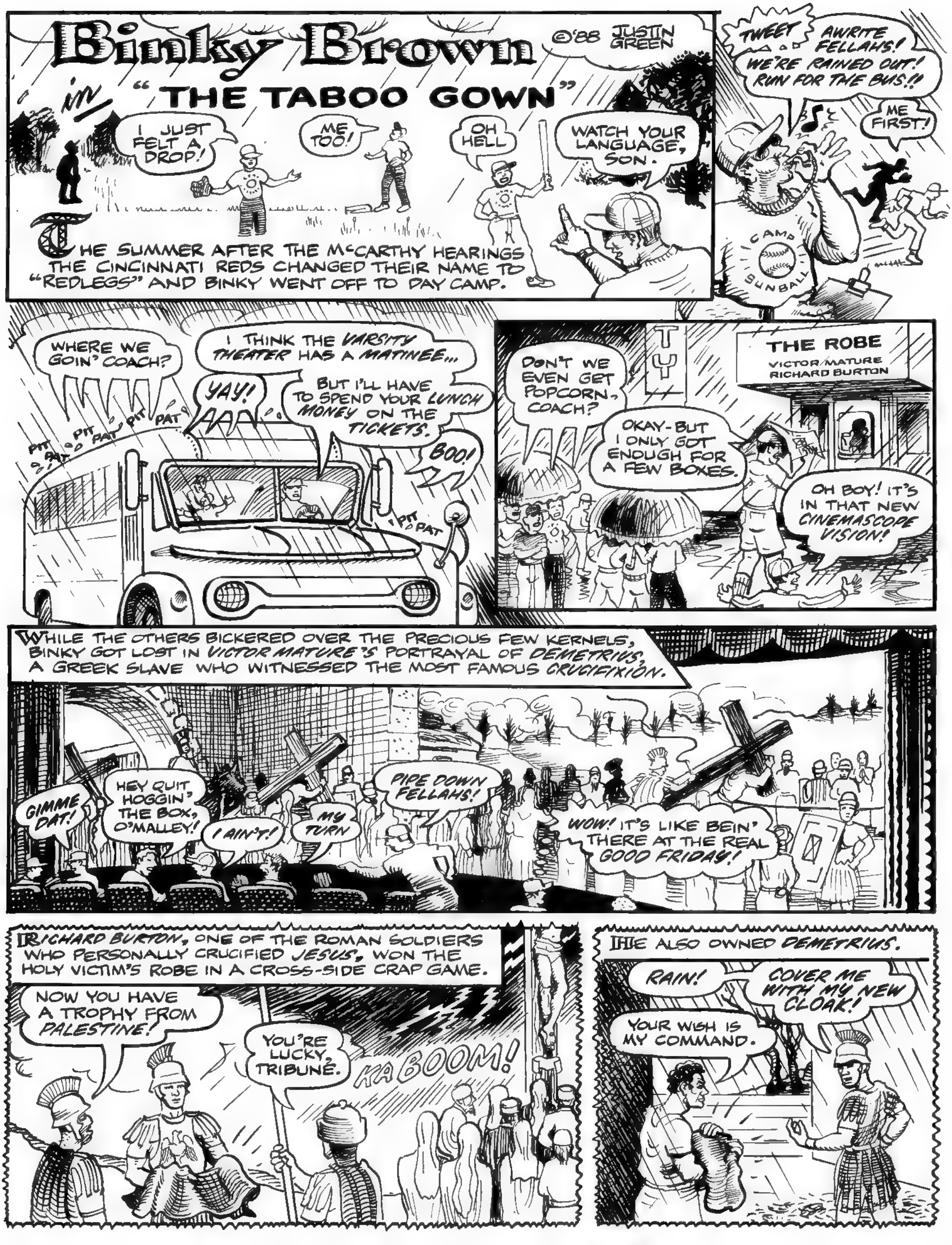

..WE CAN'T DECIDE.. ..WE'RE EITHER PLAYING SCRABBLE OR GOING WINE-TASTING..
BITTER? ME, BITTER? HEY, WHAT HAVE I GO TO BE BITTER ABOUT? A BUNCH OF NEANDERTHAL JERKS SOMEWHERE IN KNOXVILLE WHO CAN'T FOLLOW MY EXQUISITE LOGIC?
MY READERS ARE BEAUTIFUL! * I LOVE MY READERS.. THEY WRITE TO ME.. THEY QUOTE THE "ILIAD".. THEY GO TO HARVARD.. I'LL TAKE QUALITY OVER QUANTITY ANY DAY.. I..
*OF COURSE, THEY ALSO SEND DING DONG WRAPPERS & 44 PG. NUMEROLOGY TRACTS...
..WHY AM I SO SCHIZO?!!
..THERE'S THIS LITTLE BAVARIAN PLACE WE GO TO IN SONOMA.. ..TH' POTATO PANCAKE.. MMH!!
THEY COME WITH TH' APPLE SAUCE OR TH' SOUR CREAM ..OR BOTH??
WHATTA YOU GOT, A COROLLA? WHAT KINDA MILEAGE?
HEY, IT'S NOT NUCLEAR POWERED!
I CAN'T STOP EAVESDROPPING... IT'S A CURSE...
..THEY SAY HE LOOKS LIKE MELVIN BELLI..
THAT'S A COMPLIMENT?
I'LL NEVER RUN OUT OF MATERIAL..
DON'T GET IT WET, JULIE!
TH' HUMAN COMEDY.. IT JUST GOES ON & ON... TRENDS, STYLES, FASHIONS, FADS.. TH' EVOLUTION OF SWIMWEAR..

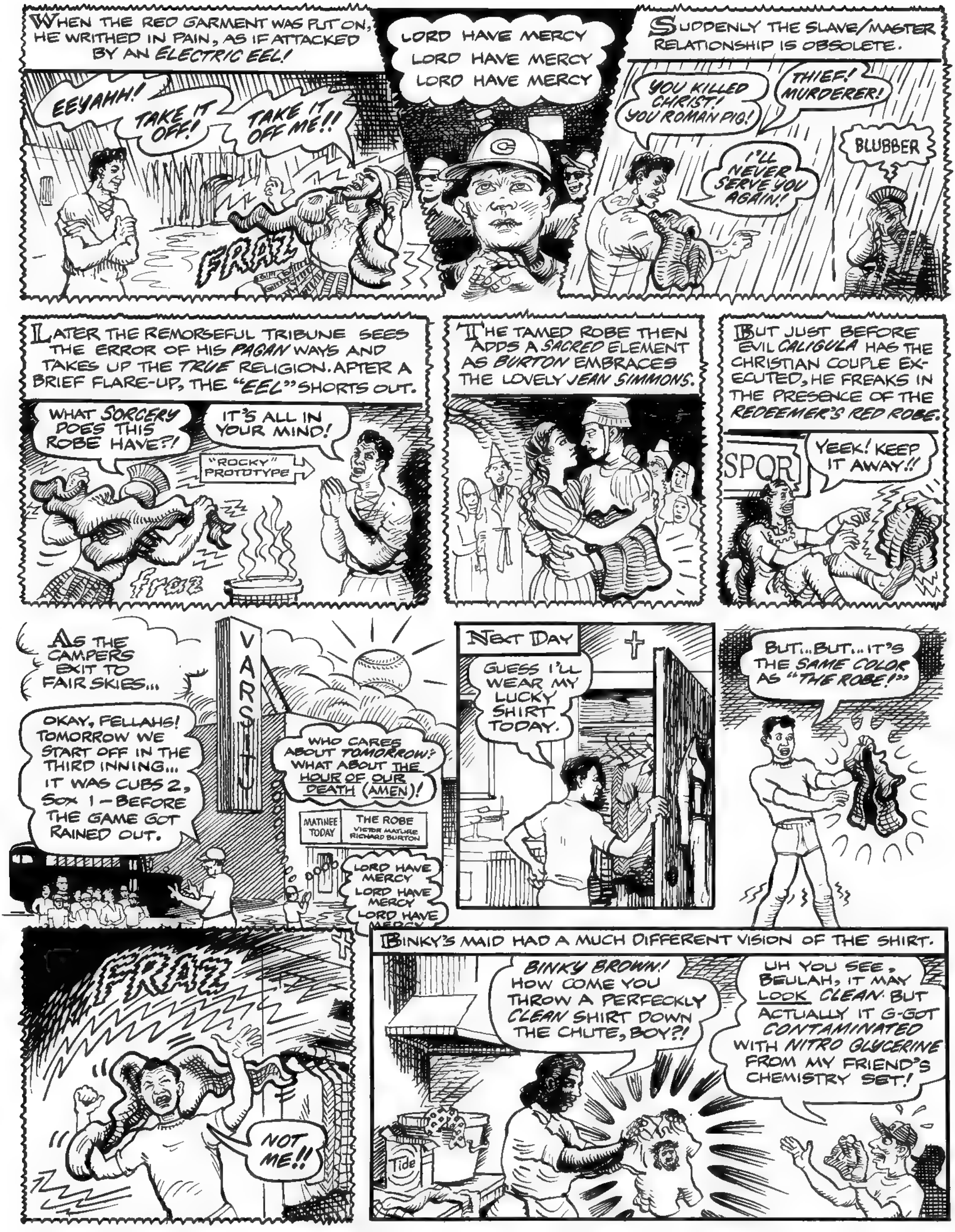

SATIRE IS A DYING ART IN THIS COUNTRY.. PEOPE WANT TO BE COMFORTED..THEY WANT THEIR "LIFESTYLE" AFFIRMED, NOT CRITICIZED!!
WHEN I SEE MY STRIP NEXT TO "MARMADUKE" AND TH' "FAMILY CIRCUS" ON TH' COMICS PAGE, I STILL CAN'T TAKE IT IN...
..IT DOESN'T COMPUTE..
I SHOULD DO A DEMOGRAPHIC STUDY.. I SHOULD TRY TO PLEASE PEOPLE MORE..
OBSCURE THEORETICAL ESSAYS
SUN SCREEN (#39)
EXCUSE ME, LADY.. YOU LOOK LIKE AN AVÉRAGE READER.. ..WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM A DAILY COMIC STRIP??
ME? A CUTE LAUGH.. NOT TOO MUCH TO THINK ABOUT..
..A CUTE LAUGH.. NOT TOO MUCH TO THINK ABOUT.. ..AND I GIVE THEM NON SEQUITURS AND DIATRIBES AGAINST AIRPLANE UPHOLSTERY..
AH, WHO CARES? IT'S NOT MY JOB TO PANDER TO TH' KIND OF MIND WHO FINDS ENDLESS GAGS ABOUT DIETS & SHOPPING FUNNY!!
204
CARTOONING IS A MEDIUM WITHOUT LIMITS!! I'M STRETCHING TH' ENVELOPE! KEEPING 'EM OFF BALANCE! COMING OUT OF LEFT FIELD!! AIMING AT A SMALL BUT SOPHISTICATED ELITE!!
THEN WHY DO I WANT EVERYBODY TO LOVE ME??
]


LET'S FACE IT.. I LIVE IN MY OWN NEUROTIC WORLD... A CLOSED SYSTEM IN WHICH I ALTERNATELY PLAY KING & OPPRESSED SUBJECT!
AND WHAT ABOUT "THE MOVIE"? FIVE YEARS AND STILL NOT IN PRE-PRODUCTION... ANOTHER INDICATION ZIPPY IS FAR FROM "MAINSTREAM"..
HOLLYWO
LE SCRIPT [8TH DRAFT]
ZIPPYVISION BILL GRIFF and DIANE NOOM
BUT WHO AM I TO COMPLAIN? I'VE BEEN WELL-PAID... UP FROM TH' UNDERGROUND.. THEY'RE NUTS ABOUT ME IN BOSTON -- AND BALTIMORE..
MAYBE I SHOULD MOVE TO BOSTON.. --OR BALTIMORE..
I'M AN EAST COAST KINDA GUY...
I'M ALSO A BIG BABY.. ..ANYBODY'D BE GRATEFUL TO HAVE WHAT I ... HUH??
KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!!
WHAT, YOU JUST TAKE OFF WITHOUT A NOTE? I HAD TO TAKE TH' GREYHOUND.. YOU KNOW I CAN'T DRIVE!!
JEEZ, I'M SORRY.. EXCUSE ME FOR TAKING A LITTLE REST... YOU WANT A SCOTCH?
STRAIGHT UP, SODA BACK.. YOU GOT ANY CHIPS??
LISTEN, I BROUGHT NEXT WEEK'S CONCEPTS & LAY-OUTS.. WE'RE DOING 19 OBSCURE REFERENCES, 17 ROUNDABOUT POINTS AND 32 SEEMINGLY DISCONNECTED PAIRINGS!!
WORK, WORK, WORK! IS THAT ALL YOU CAN TALK ABOUT?


HEY, WE'RE PULLIN' DOWN SIX FIGURES HERE, PAL!! ..I HAD AN IDEA FOR TH' MOVIE.. I KNOW SOME FINANCING PEOPLE IN DETROIT..
AWRIGHT, AWREADY!! LET'S JUST DO ONE MORE SOAK..
TACO
MY BUTT'S IN SPASM FROM ALL THIS PRESSURE..I'M AN ARTIST, NOT A MACHINE!!
OKAY, OKAY, LISTEN, WHAT ARE YOU PAYING FOR THIS ROOM? I HOPE YOU'RE PUTTING IT ON TH' CORPORATE ACCOUNT..
..SO.. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS CHIAROSCURO TECHNIQUE?? DRAWING IS EVERYTHING TO ME..I SWEAT TH' DETAILS!!
LOVE IT.. LOVE IT..BUT, BUBBY, LISTEN.. YOU KNOW THAT "CATHY" STRIP? HUNDREDS OF MAJOR MARKETS..IT'S GOT A NICE, CLEAN LINE...
A CLEAN LINE? IT LOOKS LIKE SHE DROPS STRING ON TH' FLOOR AND XEROXES IT!! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU SAID THAT!!
JUST A SUGGESTION..
TH' L.A. TIMES SAID I WAS AN "OBVIOUS INFLUENCE ON DAVID BYRNE"!
GOD, THIS JET FEELS GOOD ON MY SHOULDERS..
ONE THING I CAN'T FIGURE--WHY IS MY STRIP IN SO MANY PAPERS IN FLORIDA?
MAYBE THAT'S YOUR REAL AUDIENCE.. OLD, RETIRED JEWISH COUPLES FROM NOO YAWK..
I WANT TO DO GREAT THINGS, ZIPPY! ..I'M REALLY A ROMANTIC AT HEART---

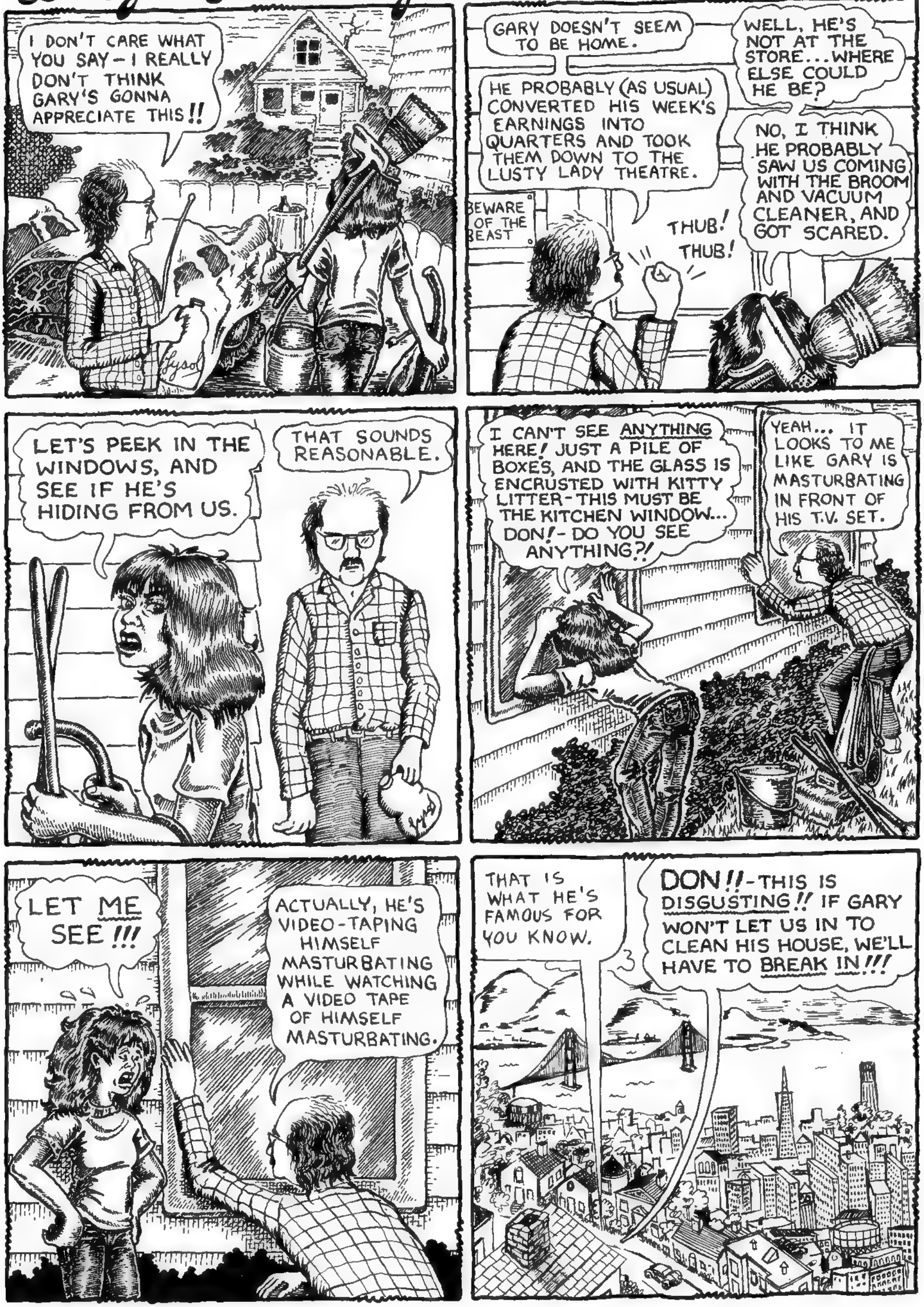

IF WE'RE GONNA GET BACK TO TH' CITY BEFORE **DARK**, WE'D BETTER LEAVE SOON..
I'M **SELF-ABSORBED**. RIGHT? C'MON, **TELL** ME..
**SURE**, YOU'RE **SELF-ABSORBED**... BUT IT'S A **LIVING**.. IT PAYS TH' **MORTGAGE**, BUBBY!!
MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE MY MID-LIFE CRISIS **NOW** AND GO TO **INDIA** OR SOMEWHERE.. TOTALLY **UNPLUG**..
HEY, LOOK AT THIS! IT'S A **"CAR 54"** WE HAVEN'T SEEN!
**NAT HIKEN**.. TH' MAN WAS A **GENIUS**..
IF I COULD LEAVE **HALF** TH' LEGACY **HE** LEFT.. ..I'D BE HAPPY..
YOU'RE **WEIRD, PAL**..
SO WHAT DO WE DO THIS WEEK? TH' THING ON **"NOSTALGIA** FOR TH' **80'S**" OR TH' "INAUTHENTIC QUALITY OF VIDEOTAPE"?
I DON'T KNOW.. ..I JUST **DON'T KNOW**..
STOP
2.00
2.00
PAY TOLL
I'D LIKE A **RECEIPT**, PLEASE..
**WOW**, YOU'RE **BILL GRIFFITH**!! HEY, I **LOVE** YOUR STRIP!!
OH, GREAT.. REALLY **GREAT**... NOW I'M **HALLUCINATING**...
END

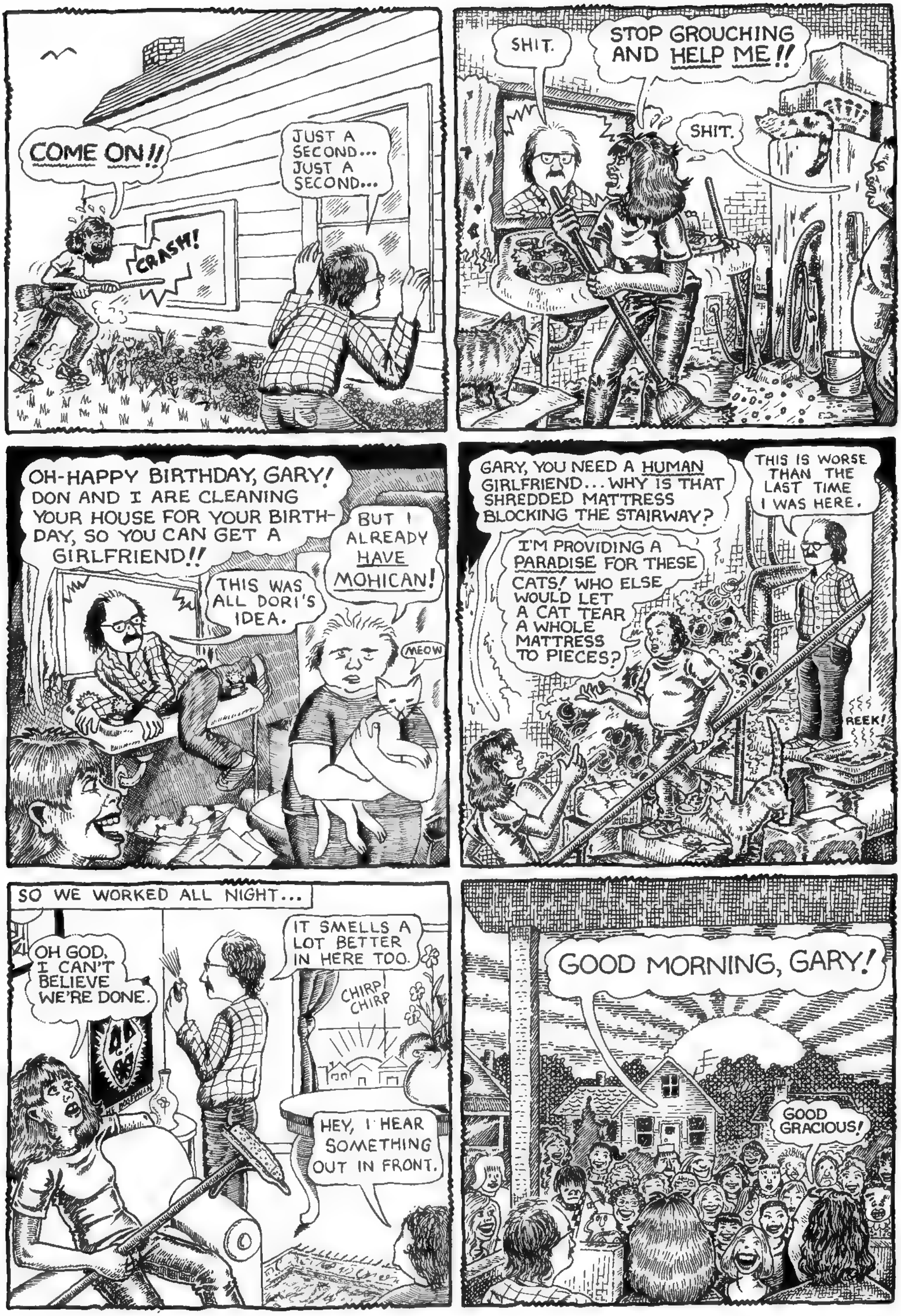

Binky Brown
©'88 JUSTIN GREEN
in "THE TABOO GOWN"
I JUST FELT A DROP!
ME TOO!
OH HELL
WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE, SON.
THE SUMMER AFTER THE McCARTHY HEARINGS THE CINCINNATI REDS CHANGED THEIR NAME TO "REDLEGS" AND BINKY WENT OFF TO DAY CAMP.
TWEET
AWRITE FELLAHS! WE'RE RAINED OUT! RUN FOR THE BUS!!
ME FIRST!
CAMP SUNBALL
WHERE WE GOIN' COACH?
I THINK THE VARSITY THEATER HAS A MATINEE...
YAY!
BUT I'LL HAVE TO SPEND YOUR LUNCH MONEY ON THE TICKETS.
BOO!
PIT PAT PIT PAT PIT PAT
PIT PAT
VY
THE ROBE
VICTOR MATURE
RICHARD BURTON
DON'T WE EVEN GET POPCORN, COACH?
OKAY- BUT I ONLY GOT ENOUGH FOR A FEW BOXES.
OH BOY! IT'S IN THAT NEW CINEMASCOPE VISION!
WHILE THE OTHERS BICKERED OVER THE PRECIOUS FEW KERNELS, BINKY GOT LOST IN VICTOR MATURE'S PORTRAYAL OF DEMETRIUS, A GREEK SLAVE WHO WITNESSED THE MOST FAMOUS CRUCIFIXION.
GIMME DAT!
HEY QUIT HOGGIN' THE BOX, O'MALLEY!
I AIN'T!
MY TURN
PIPE DOWN FELLAHS!
WOW! IT'S LIKE BEIN' THERE AT THE REAL GOOD FRIDAY!
RICHARD BURTON, ONE OF THE ROMAN SOLDIERS WHO PERSONALLY CRUCIFIED JESUS, WON THE HOLY VICTIM'S ROBE IN A CROSS-SIDE CRAP GAME.
NOW YOU HAVE A TROPHY FROM PALESTINE!
YOU'RE LUCKY, TRIBUNE.
KA BOOM!
HE ALSO OWNED DEMETRIUS.
RAIN!
COVER ME WITH MY NEW CLOAK!
YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND.

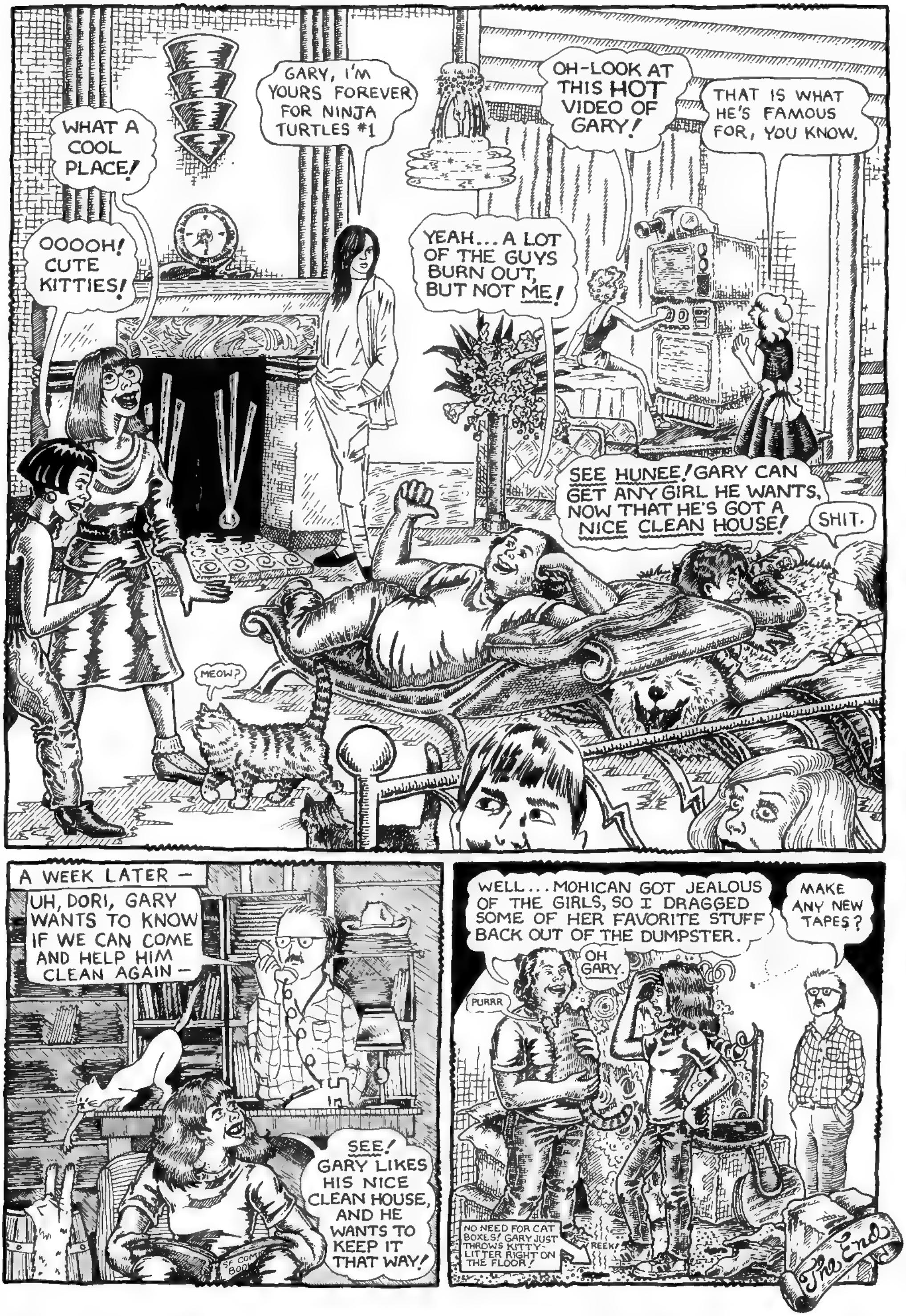

WHEN THE RED GARMENT WAS PUT ON, HE WRITHED IN PAIN, AS IF ATTACKED BY AN ELECTRIC EEL!
EEYAHH!
TAKE IT OFF!
TAKE IT OFF ME!!
FRAZ
LORD HAVE MERCY
LORD HAVE MERCY
LORD HAVE MERCY
SUDDENLY THE SLAVE/MASTER RELATIONSHIP IS OBSOLETE.
YOU KILLED CHRIST! YOU ROMAN PIG!
THIEF! MURDERER!
I'LL NEVER SERVE YOU AGAIN!
BLUBBER
LATER THE REMORSEFUL TRIBUNE SEES THE ERROR OF HIS PAGAN WAYS AND TAKES UP THE TRUE RELIGION. AFTER A BRIEF FLARE-UP, THE "EEL" SHORTS OUT.
WHAT SORCERY DOES THIS ROBE HAVE?!
IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND!
"ROCKY" PROTOTYPE
fraz
THE TAMED ROBE THEN ADDS A SACRED ELEMENT AS BURTON EMBRACES THE LOVELY JEAN SIMMONS.
BUT JUST BEFORE EVIL CALIGULA HAS THE CHRISTIAN COUPLE EXECUTED, HE FREAKS IN THE PRESENCE OF THE REDEEMER'S RED ROBE.
SPQR
YEEK! KEEP IT AWAY!!
AS THE CAMPERS EXIT TO FAIR SKIES...
VARSITY
OKAY, FELLAHS! TOMORROW WE START OFF IN THE THIRD INNING... IT WAS CUBS 2, SOX 1 — BEFORE THE GAME GOT RAINED OUT.
WHO CARES ABOUT TOMORROW? WHAT ABOUT THE HOUR OF OUR DEATH (AMEN)!
MATINEE TODAY
THE ROBE
VICTOR MATURE
RICHARD BURTON
LORD HAVE MERCY
LORD HAVE MERCY
LORD HAVE MERCY
NEXT DAY
GUESS I'LL WEAR MY LUCKY SHIRT TODAY.
BUT...BUT...IT'S THE SAME COLOR AS "THE ROBE!"
FRAZ
NOT ME!!
BINKY'S MAID HAD A MUCH DIFFERENT VISION OF THE SHIRT.
BINKY BROWN! HOW COME YOU THROW A PERFECKLY CLEAN SHIRT DOWN THE CHUTE, BOY?!
UH YOU SEE, BEULAH, IT MAY LOOK CLEAN BUT ACTUALLY IT G-GOT CONTAMINATED WITH NITRO GLYCERINE FROM MY FRIEND'S CHEMISTRY SET!
Tide

# Gary's Birthday Present

© 1986 DON DONAHUE
AND DORI SEDA


I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY – I REALLY DON'T THINK GARY'S GONNA APPRECIATE THIS!!
Lysol
GARY DOESN'T SEEM TO BE HOME.
WELL, HE'S NOT AT THE STORE... WHERE ELSE COULD HE BE?
HE PROBABLY (AS USUAL) CONVERTED HIS WEEK'S EARNINGS INTO QUARTERS AND TOOK THEM DOWN TO THE LUSTY LADY THEATRE.
NO, I THINK HE PROBABLY SAW US COMING WITH THE BROOM AND VACUUM CLEANER, AND GOT SCARED.
BEWARE OF THE BEAST
THUB! THUB!
LET'S PEEK IN THE WINDOWS, AND SEE IF HE'S HIDING FROM US.
THAT SOUNDS REASONABLE.
Lysol
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING HERE! JUST A PILE OF BOXES, AND THE GLASS IS ENCRUSTED WITH KITTY LITTER – THIS MUST BE THE KITCHEN WINDOW... DON! – DO YOU SEE ANYTHING?!
YEAH... IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE GARY IS MASTURBATING IN FRONT OF HIS T.V. SET.
LET ME SEE!!!
ACTUALLY, HE'S VIDEO-TAPING HIMSELF MASTURBATING WHILE WATCHING A VIDEO TAPE OF HIMSELF MASTURBATING.
THAT IS WHAT HE'S FAMOUS FOR YOU KNOW.
DON!! – THIS IS DISGUSTING!! IF GARY WON'T LET US IN TO CLEAN HIS HOUSE, WE'LL HAVE TO BREAK IN!!!


COME ON!!
CRASH!
JUST A SECOND... JUST A SECOND...
SHIT.
STOP GROUCHING AND HELP ME!!
SHIT.
OH-HAPPY BIRTHDAY, GARY! DON AND I ARE CLEANING YOUR HOUSE FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY, SO YOU CAN GET A GIRLFRIEND!!
BUT I ALREADY HAVE MOHICAN!
THIS WAS ALL DORI'S IDEA.
MEOW
GARY, YOU NEED A HUMAN GIRLFRIEND... WHY IS THAT SHREDDED MATTRESS BLOCKING THE STAIRWAY?
THIS IS WORSE THAN THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE.
I'M PROVIDING A PARADISE FOR THESE CATS! WHO ELSE WOULD LET A CAT TEAR A WHOLE MATTRESS TO PIECES?
REEK!
SO WE WORKED ALL NIGHT...
OH GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE DONE.
IT SMELLS A LOT BETTER IN HERE TOO.
CHIRP! CHIRP
HEY, I HEAR SOMETHING OUT IN FRONT.
GOOD MORNING, GARY!
GOOD GRACIOUS!


WHAT A COOL PLACE!
OOOOH! CUTE KITTIES!
GARY, I'M YOURS FOREVER FOR NINJA TURTLES #1
OH-LOOK AT THIS HOT VIDEO OF GARY!
THAT IS WHAT HE'S FAMOUS FOR, YOU KNOW.
YEAH... A LOT OF THE GUYS BURN OUT, BUT NOT ME!
SEE HUNEE! GARY CAN GET ANY GIRL HE WANTS, NOW THAT HE'S GOT A NICE CLEAN HOUSE!
SHIT.
MEOW?
A WEEK LATER —
UH, DORI, GARY WANTS TO KNOW IF WE CAN COME AND HELP HIM CLEAN AGAIN —
SEE! GARY LIKES HIS NICE CLEAN HOUSE, AND HE WANTS TO KEEP IT THAT WAY!
SF COMIC BOOKS
WELL... MOHICAN GOT JEALOUS OF THE GIRLS, SO I DRAGGED SOME OF HER FAVORITE STUFF BACK OUT OF THE DUMPSTER.
MAKE ANY NEW TAPES?
OH GARY.
PURRR
NO NEED FOR CAT BOXES! GARY JUST THROWS KITTY-LITTER RIGHT ON THE FLOOR!
REEK!
The End

CRUEL SATIRE ON A REALLY *NICE* COMIC!

# The Adventures of 'WICHITA'

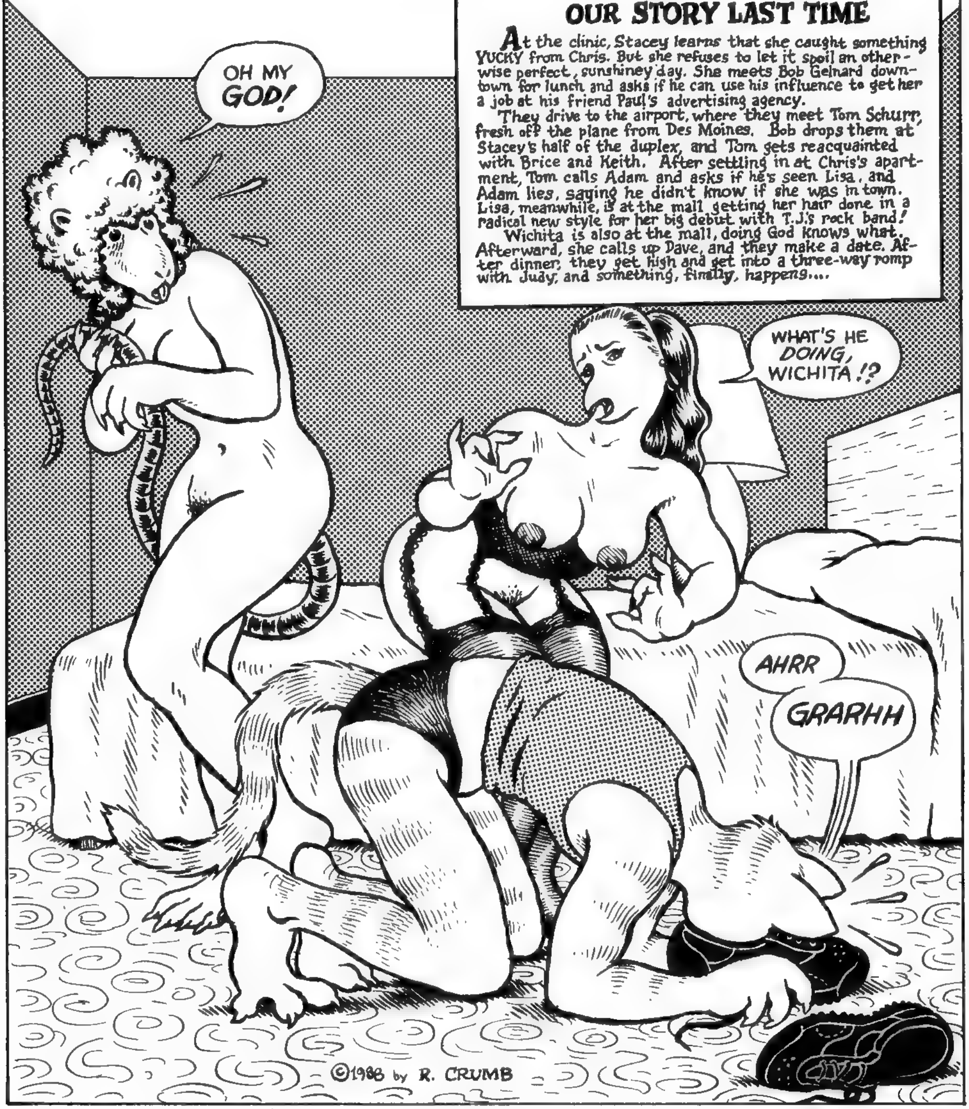
## THE RAT DANCER

### OUR STORY LAST TIME

At the clinic, Stacey learns that she caught something YUCKY from Chris. But she refuses to let it spoil an otherwise perfect, sunshiney day. She meets Bob Gelnard downtown for lunch and asks if he can use his influence to get her a job at his friend Paul's advertising agency.

They drive to the airport, where they meet Tom Schurr, fresh off the plane from Des Moines. Bob drops them at Stacey's half of the duplex, and Tom gets reacquainted with Brice and Keith. After settling in at Chris's apartment, Tom calls Adam and asks if he's seen Lisa, and Adam lies, saying he didn't know if she was in town. Lisa, meanwhile, is at the mall getting her hair done in a radical new style for her big debut with T.J.'s rock band!

Wichita is also at the mall, doing God knows what. Afterward, she calls up Dave, and they make a date. After dinner, they get high and get into a three-way romp with Judy, and something, finally, happens....


OH MY *GOD!*
WHAT'S HE *DOING,* WICHITA!?
AHRR
GRARHH

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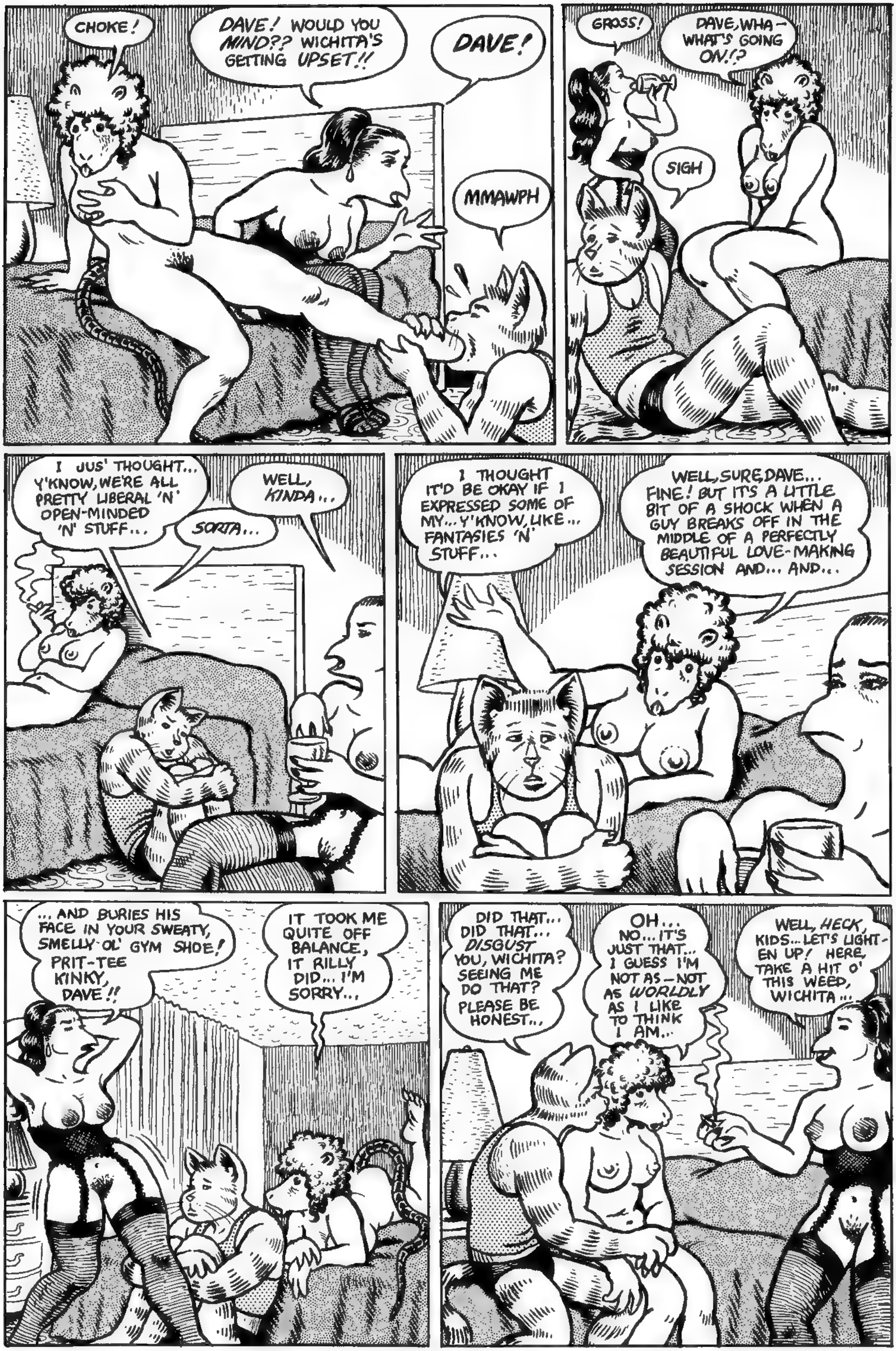
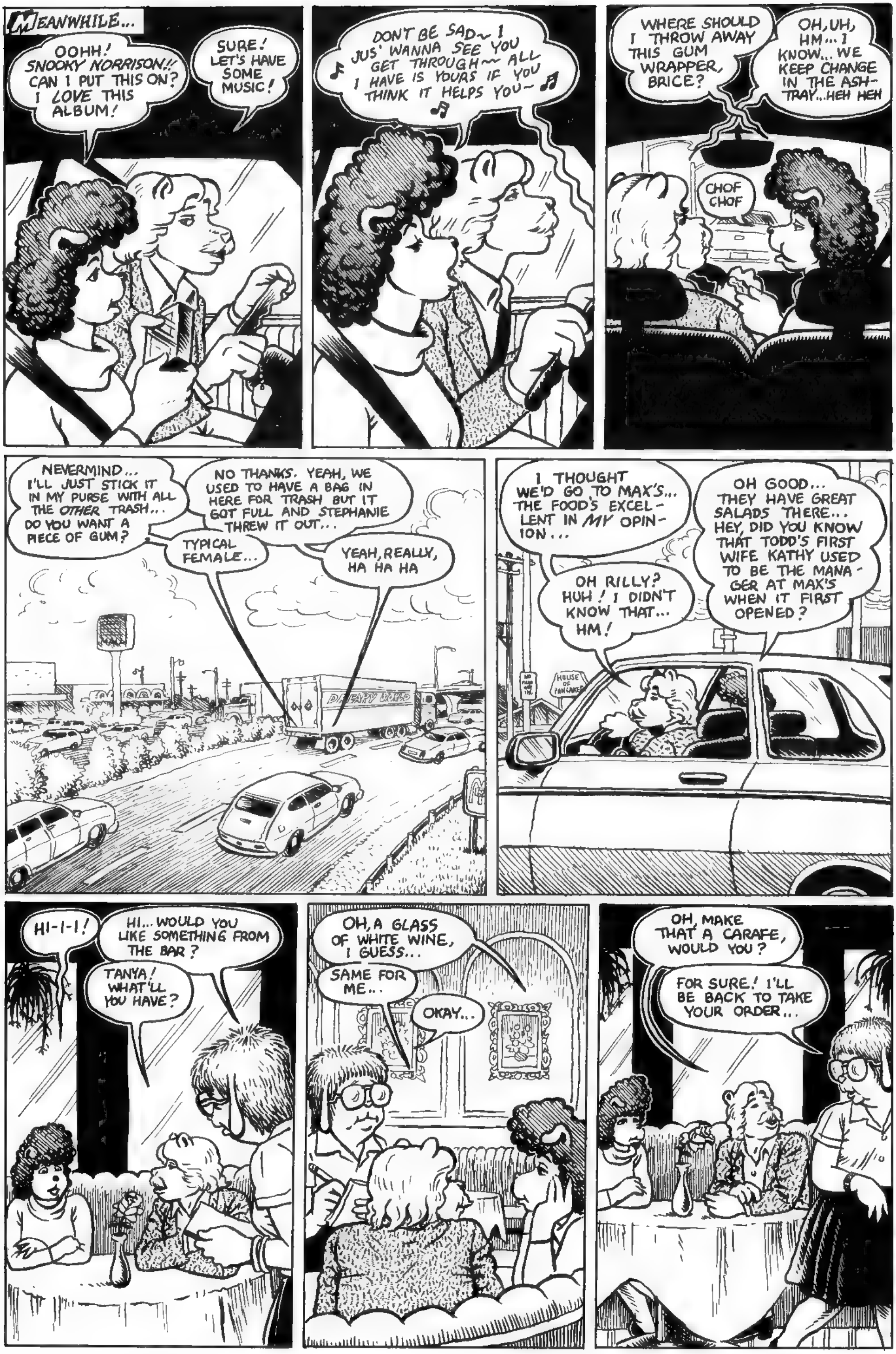
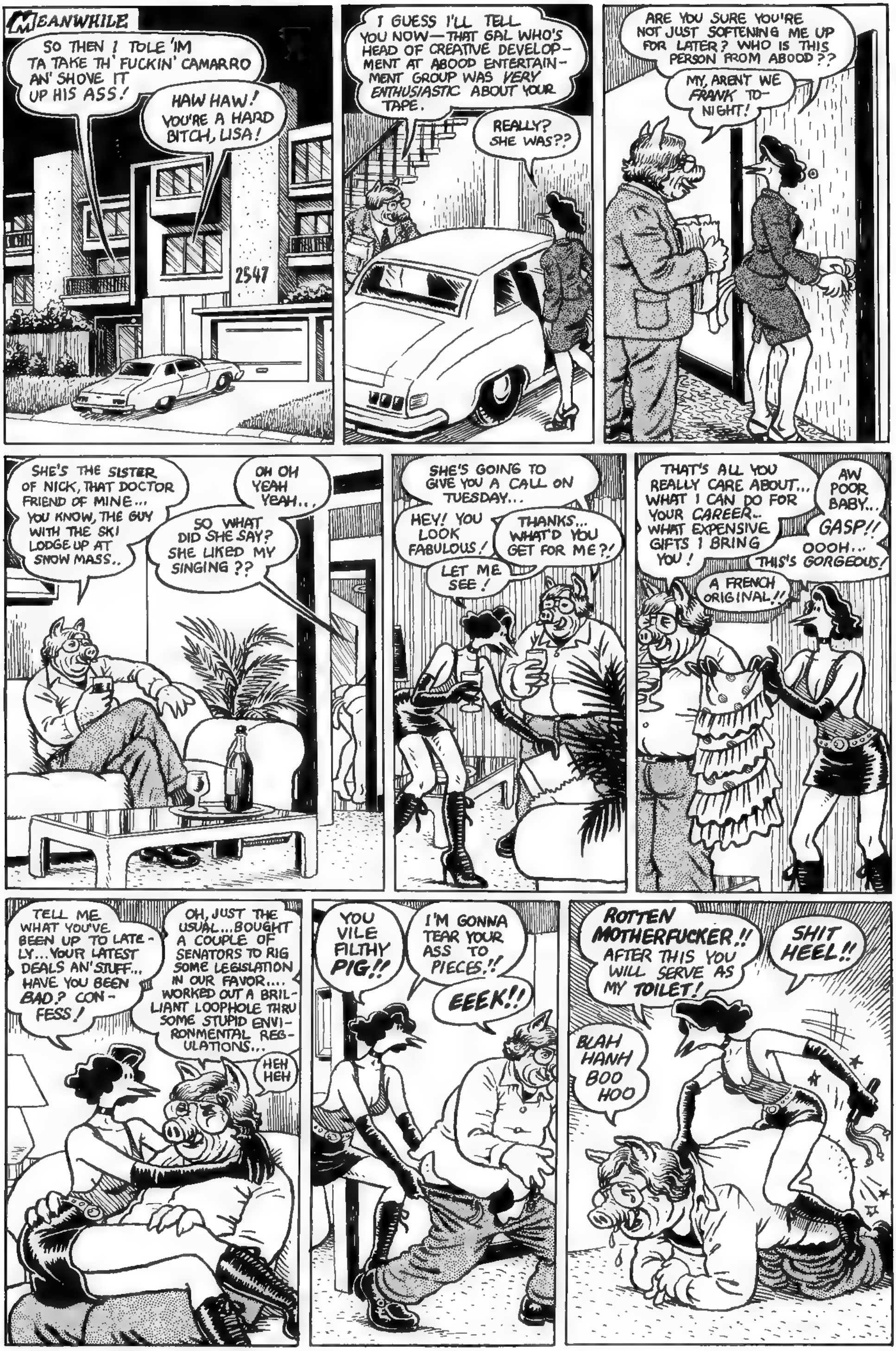
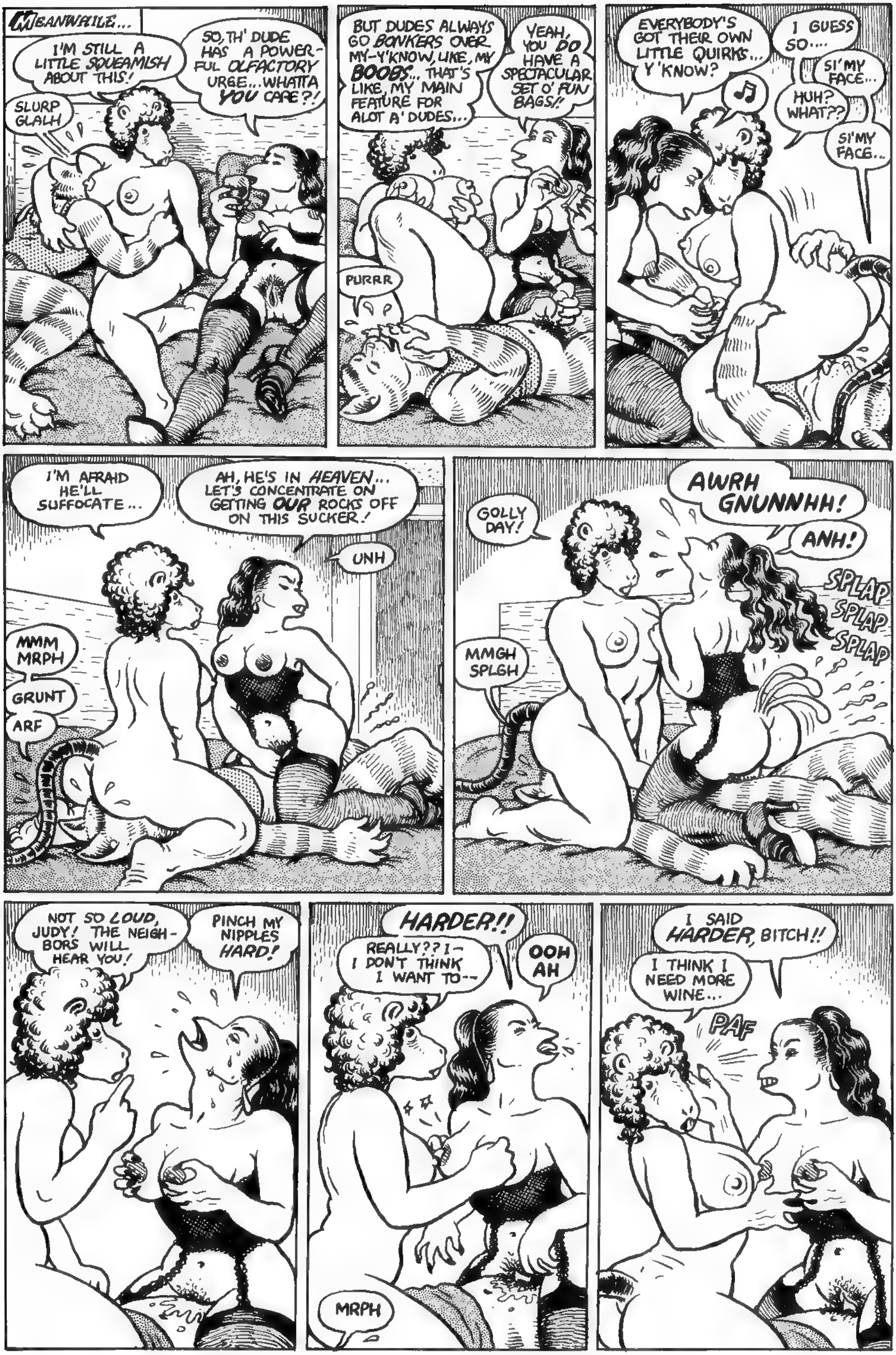
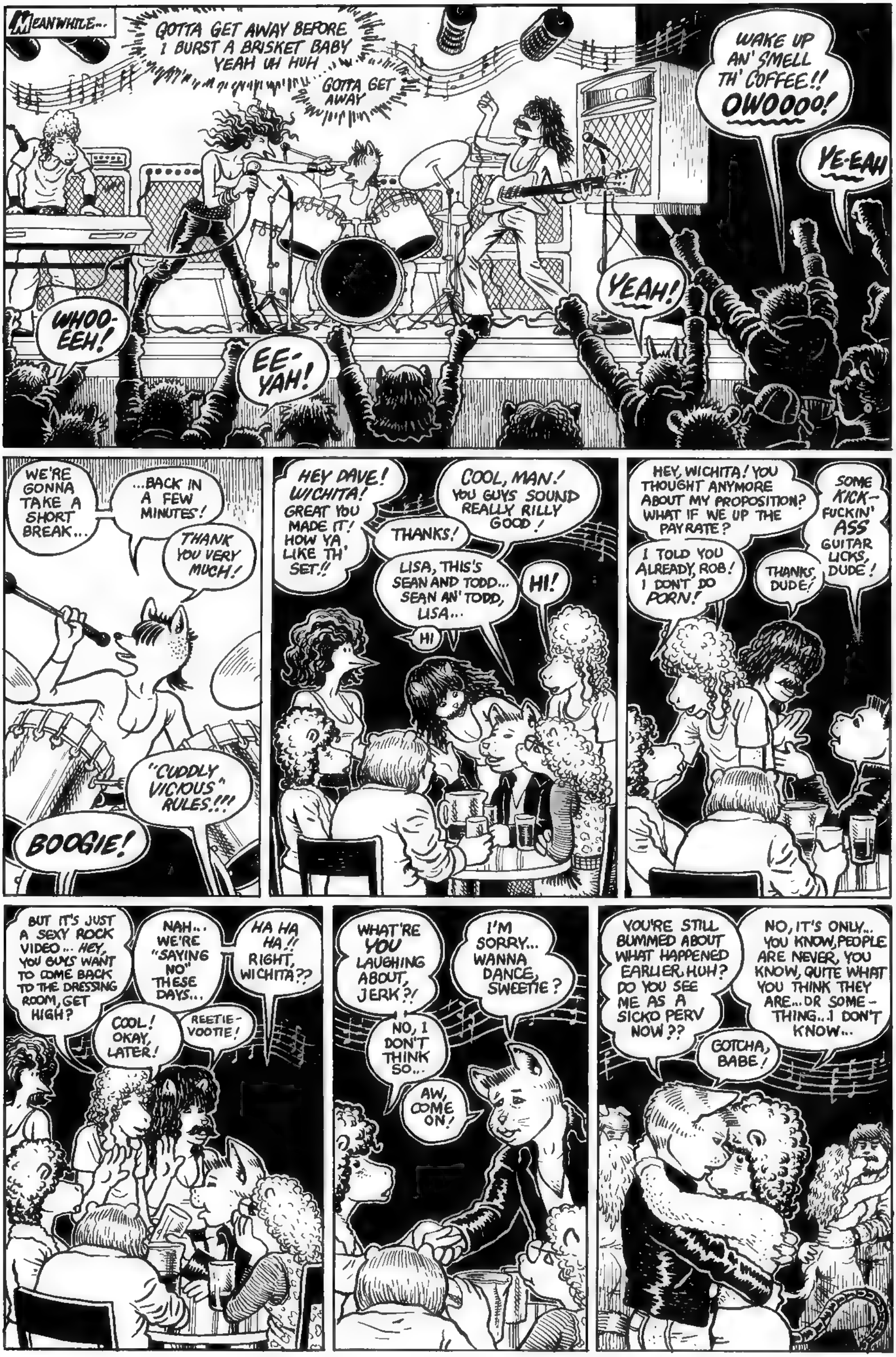
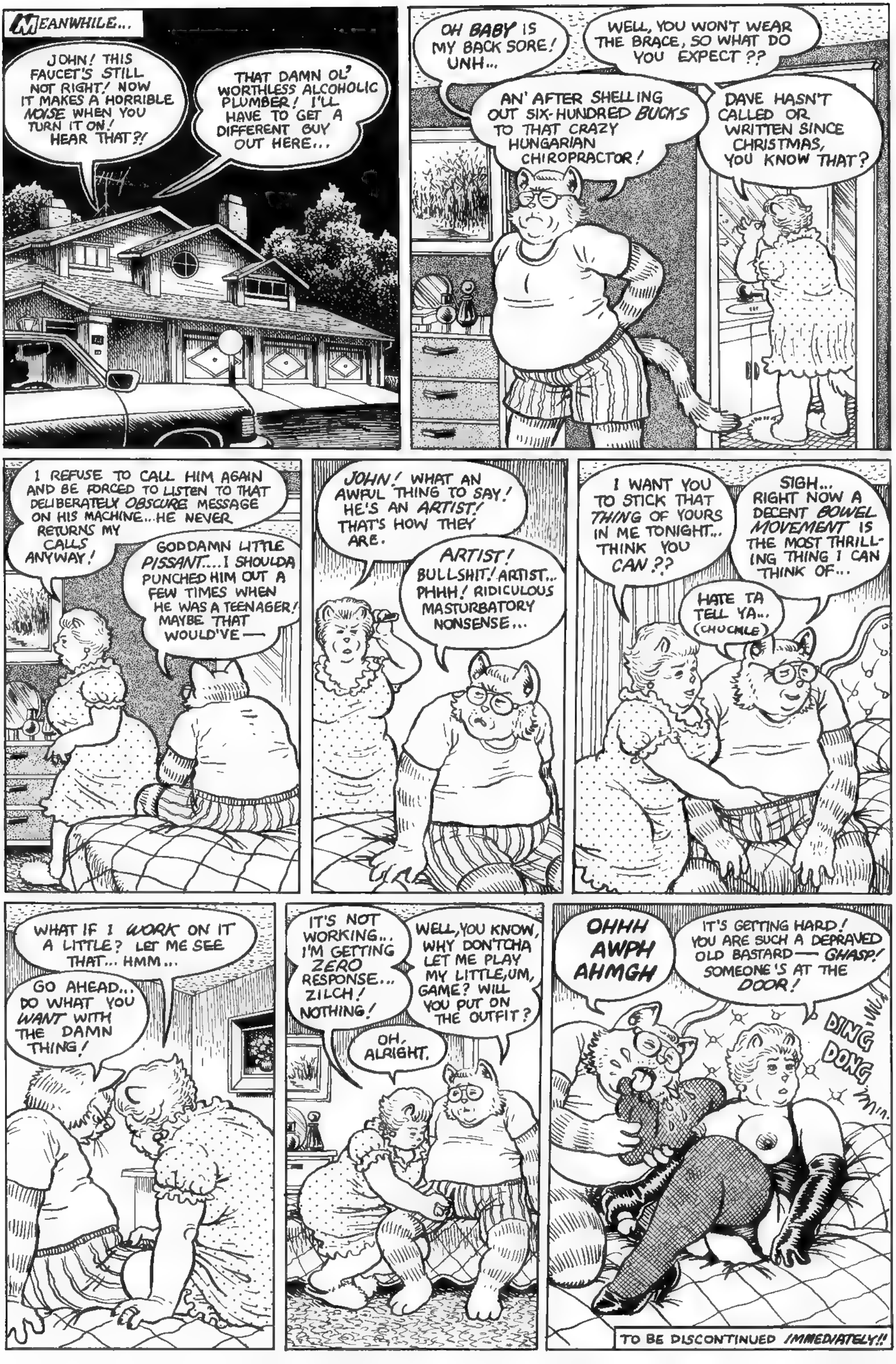

CHOKE!
DAVE! WOULD YOU MIND?? WICHITA'S GETTING UPSET!!
DAVE!
MMAWPH
GROSS!
DAVE, WHA-WHAT'S GOING ON!?
SIGH
I JUS' THOUGHT... Y'KNOW, WE'RE ALL PRETTY LIBERAL 'N' OPEN-MINDED 'N' STUFF...
SORTA...
WELL, KINDA...
I THOUGHT IT'D BE OKAY IF I EXPRESSED SOME OF MY... Y'KNOW, LIKE... FANTASIES 'N' STUFF...
WELL, SURE, DAVE... FINE! BUT IT'S A LITTLE BIT OF A SHOCK WHEN A GUY BREAKS OFF IN THE MIDDLE OF A PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL LOVE-MAKING SESSION AND... AND...
... AND BURIES HIS FACE IN YOUR SWEATY, SMELLY OL' GYM SHOE! PRIT-TEE KINKY, DAVE!!
IT TOOK ME QUITE OFF BALANCE, IT RILLY DID... I'M SORRY...
DID THAT... DID THAT... DISGUST YOU, WICHITA? SEEING ME DO THAT? PLEASE BE HONEST...
OH... NO... IT'S JUST THAT... I GUESS I'M NOT AS—NOT AS WORLDLY AS I LIKE TO THINK I AM...
WELL, HECK, KIDS... LET'S LIGHTEN UP! HERE, TAKE A HIT O' THIS WEED, WICHITA...

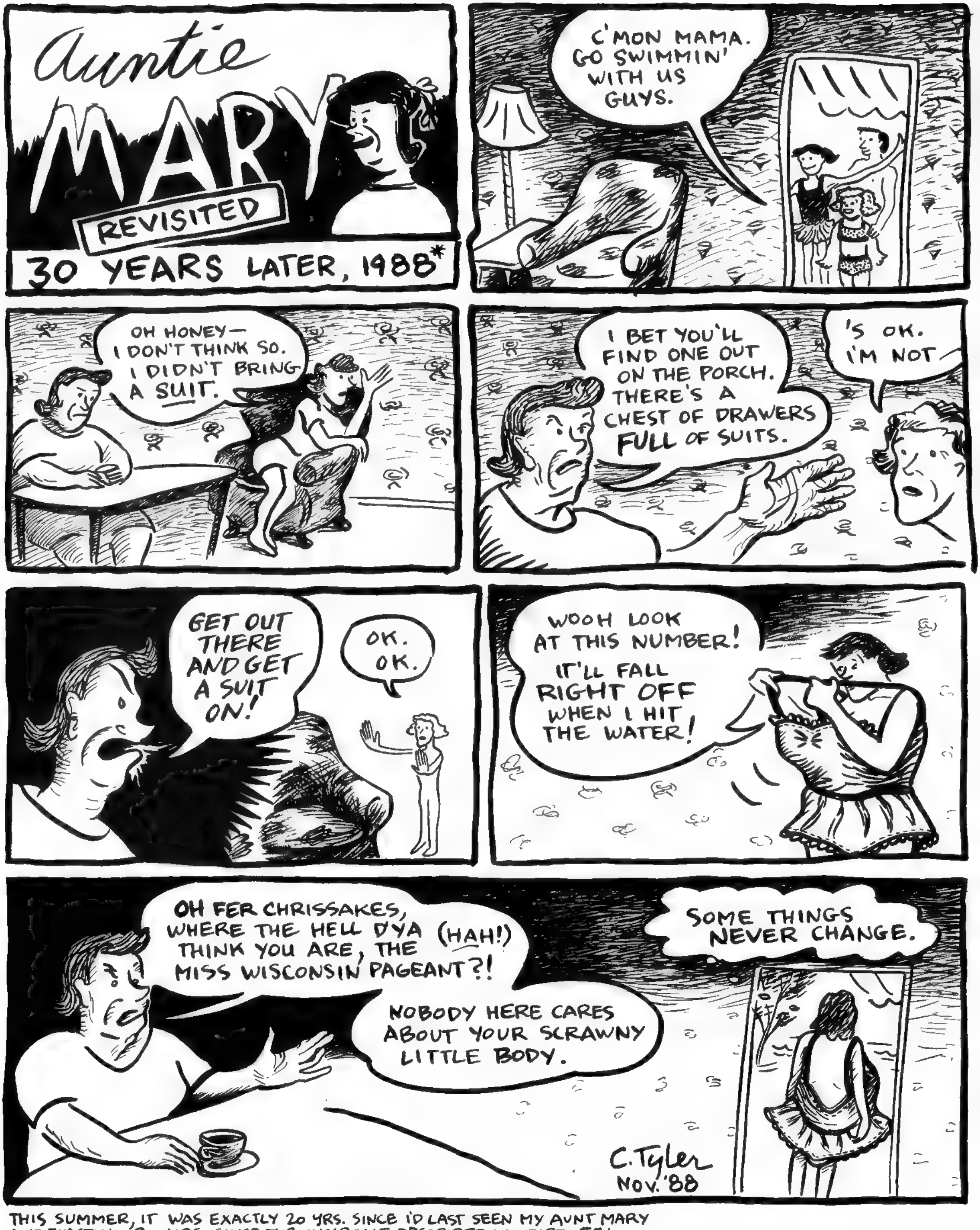

MEANWHILE...
OOHH! SNOOKY NORRISON!! CAN I PUT THIS ON? I *LOVE* THIS ALBUM!
SURE! LET'S HAVE SOME MUSIC!
♪ DON'T BE SAD~ I JUS' WANNA SEE YOU GET THROUGH~~ ALL I HAVE IS YOURS IF YOU THINK IT HELPS YOU~ ♫ ♫
WHERE SHOULD I THROW AWAY THIS GUM WRAPPER, BRICE?
OH, UH, HM... I KNOW... WE KEEP CHANGE IN THE ASH-TRAY...HEH HEH
CHOF CHOF
NEVERMIND... I'LL JUST STICK IT IN MY PURSE WITH ALL THE *OTHER* TRASH... DO YOU WANT A PIECE OF GUM?
NO THANKS. YEAH, WE USED TO HAVE A BAG IN HERE FOR TRASH BUT IT GOT FULL AND STEPHANIE THREW IT OUT...
TYPICAL FEMALE...
YEAH, REALLY, HA HA HA
I THOUGHT WE'D GO TO MAX'S... THE FOOD'S EXCELLENT IN *MY* OPINION...
OH GOOD... THEY HAVE GREAT SALADS THERE... HEY, DID YOU KNOW THAT TODD'S FIRST WIFE KATHY USED TO BE THE MANAGER AT MAX'S WHEN IT FIRST OPENED?
OH RILLY? HUH! I DIDN'T KNOW THAT... HM!
HOUSE OF PANCAKES
HI-I-I!
HI... WOULD YOU LIKE SOMETHING FROM THE BAR?
TANYA! WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?
OH, A GLASS OF WHITE WINE, I GUESS...
SAME FOR ME...
OKAY...
OH, MAKE THAT A CARAFE, WOULD YOU?
FOR SURE! I'LL BE BACK TO TAKE YOUR ORDER...


MEANWHILE
SO THEN I TOLE 'IM TA TAKE TH' FUCKIN' CAMARRO AN' SHOVE IT UP HIS ASS!
HAW HAW! YOU'RE A HARD BITCH, LISA!
2547
I GUESS I'LL TELL YOU NOW—THAT GAL WHO'S HEAD OF CREATIVE DEVELOPMENT AT ABOOD ENTERTAINMENT GROUP WAS VERY ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT YOUR TAPE.
REALLY? SHE WAS??
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT JUST SOFTENING ME UP FOR LATER? WHO IS THIS PERSON FROM ABOOD??
MY, AREN'T WE FRANK TONIGHT!
SHE'S THE SISTER OF NICK, THAT DOCTOR FRIEND OF MINE... YOU KNOW, THE GUY WITH THE SKI LODGE UP AT SNOW MASS..
OH OH YEAH YEAH..
SO WHAT DID SHE SAY? SHE LIKED MY SINGING??
SHE'S GOING TO GIVE YOU A CALL ON TUESDAY...
HEY! YOU LOOK FABULOUS!
THANKS... WHAT'D YOU GET FOR ME?!
LET ME SEE!
THAT'S ALL YOU REALLY CARE ABOUT... WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOUR CAREER.. WHAT EXPENSIVE GIFTS I BRING YOU!
AW POOR BABY...
GASP!!
OOOH... THIS'S GORGEOUS!
A FRENCH ORIGINAL!!
TELL ME WHAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO LATELY... YOUR LATEST DEALS AN' STUFF... HAVE YOU BEEN BAD? CONFESS!
OH, JUST THE USUAL... BOUGHT A COUPLE OF SENATORS TO RIG SOME LEGISLATION IN OUR FAVOR.... WORKED OUT A BRILLIANT LOOPHOLE THRU SOME STUPID ENVIRONMENTAL REGULATIONS...
HEH HEH
YOU VILE FILTHY PIG!!
I'M GONNA TEAR YOUR ASS TO PIECES!!
EEEK!!
ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER!! AFTER THIS YOU WILL SERVE AS MY TOILET!
SHIT HEEL!!
BLAH HANH BOO HOO

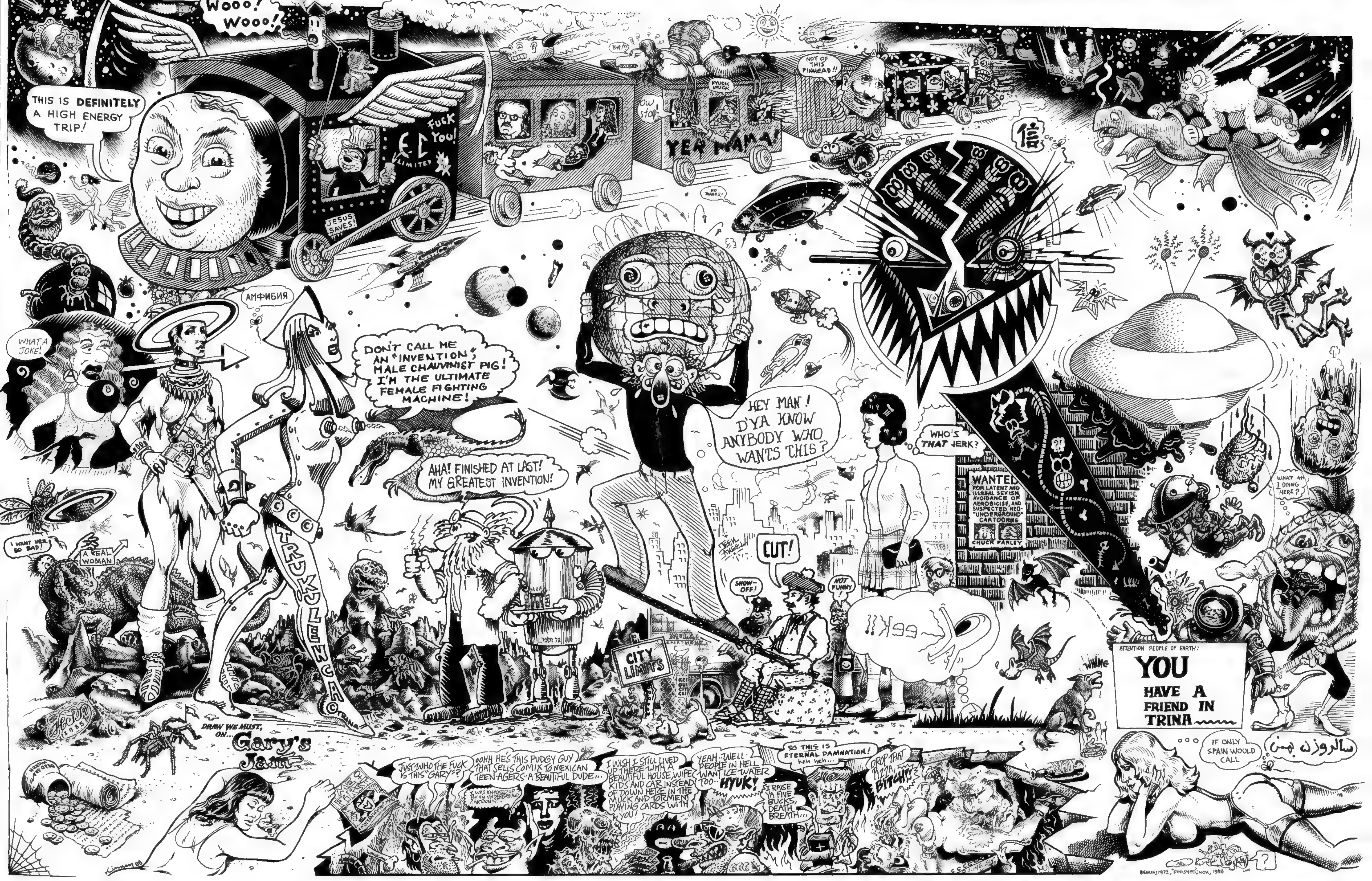

MEANWHILE...
I'M STILL A LITTLE SQUEAMISH ABOUT THIS!
SO, TH' DUDE HAS A POWERFUL OLFACTORY URGE... WHATTA YOU CARE?!
SLURP GLALH
BUT DUDES ALWAYS GO BONKERS OVER MY-Y'KNOW, LIKE, MY BOOBS.. THAT'S LIKE, MY MAIN FEATURE FOR ALOT A' DUDES...
YEAH, YOU DO HAVE A SPECTACULAR SET O' FUN BAGS!!
PURRR
EVERYBODY'S GOT THEIR OWN LITTLE QUIRKS... Y'KNOW?
♪
I GUESS SO....
SI'MY FACE...
HUH? WHAT??
SI'MY FACE...
I'M AFRAID HE'LL SUFFOCATE...
AH, HE'S IN HEAVEN... LET'S CONCENTRATE ON GETTING OUR ROCKS OFF ON THIS SUCKER!
UNH
MMM MRPH
GRUNT
ARF
GOLLY DAY!
AWRH GNUNNHH!
ANH!
SPLAP SPLAP SPLAP
MMGH SPLGH
NOT SO LOUD, JUDY! THE NEIGHBORS WILL HEAR YOU!
PINCH MY NIPPLES HARD!
HARDER!!
REALLY?? I- I DON'T THINK I WANT TO--
OOH AH
MRPH
I SAID HARDER, BITCH!!
I THINK I NEED MORE WINE...
PAF

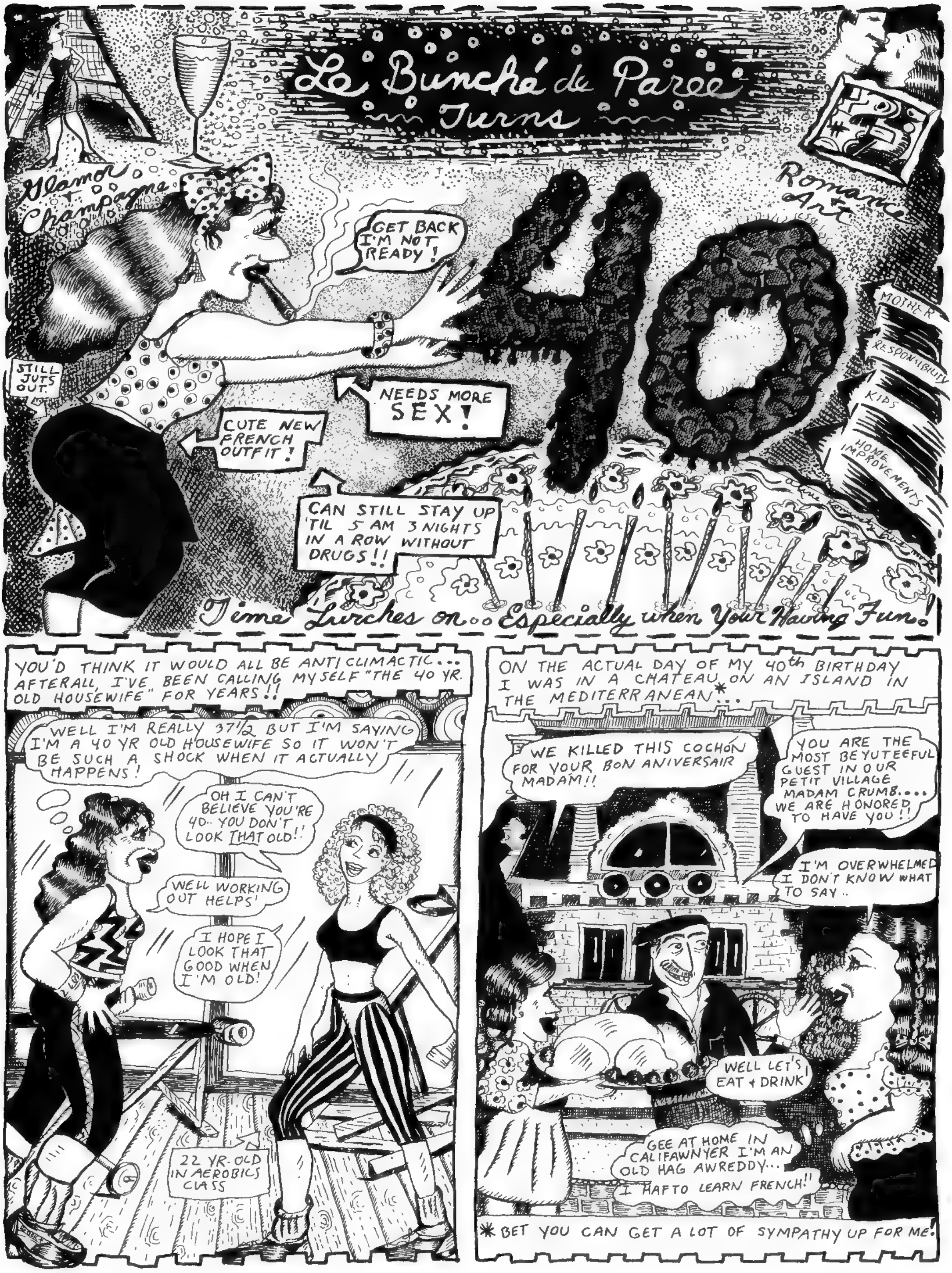

MEANWHILE...
GOTTA GET AWAY BEFORE I BURST A BRISKET BABY YEAH UH HUH
GOTTA GET AWAY
WAKE UP AN' SMELL TH' COFFEE!! OWOOOO!
YE-EAH
YEAH!
WHOO-EEH!
EE-YAH!
WE'RE GONNA TAKE A SHORT BREAK...
...BACK IN A FEW MINUTES!
THANK YOU VERY MUCH!
"CUDDLY VICIOUS" RULES!!!
BOOGIE!
HEY DAVE! WICHITA! GREAT YOU MADE IT! HOW YA' LIKE TH' SET!!
COOL, MAN! YOU GUYS SOUND REALLY RILLY GOOD!
THANKS!
LISA, THIS'S SEAN AND TODD... SEAN AN' TODD, LISA...
HI!
HI
HEY, WICHITA! YOU THOUGHT ANYMORE ABOUT MY PROPOSITION? WHAT IF WE UP THE PAY RATE?
SOME KICK-FUCKIN' ASS GUITAR LICKS, DUDE!
I TOLD YOU ALREADY, ROB! I DON'T DO PORN!
THANKS, DUDE!
BUT IT'S JUST A SEXY ROCK VIDEO... HEY, YOU GUYS WANT TO COME BACK TO THE DRESSING ROOM, GET HIGH?
NAH.. WE'RE "SAYING NO" THESE DAYS...
HA HA HA!! RIGHT, WICHITA??
COOL! OKAY, LATER!
REETIE-VOOTIE!
WHAT'RE YOU LAUGHING ABOUT, JERK?!
I'M SORRY... WANNA DANCE, SWEETIE?
NO, I DON'T THINK SO...
AW, COME ON!
YOU'RE STILL BUMMED ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED EARLIER, HUH? DO YOU SEE ME AS A SICKO PERV NOW??
NO, IT'S ONLY... YOU KNOW, PEOPLE ARE NEVER, YOU KNOW, QUITE WHAT YOU THINK THEY ARE... OR SOME-THING.. I DON'T KNOW...
GOTCHA, BABE!

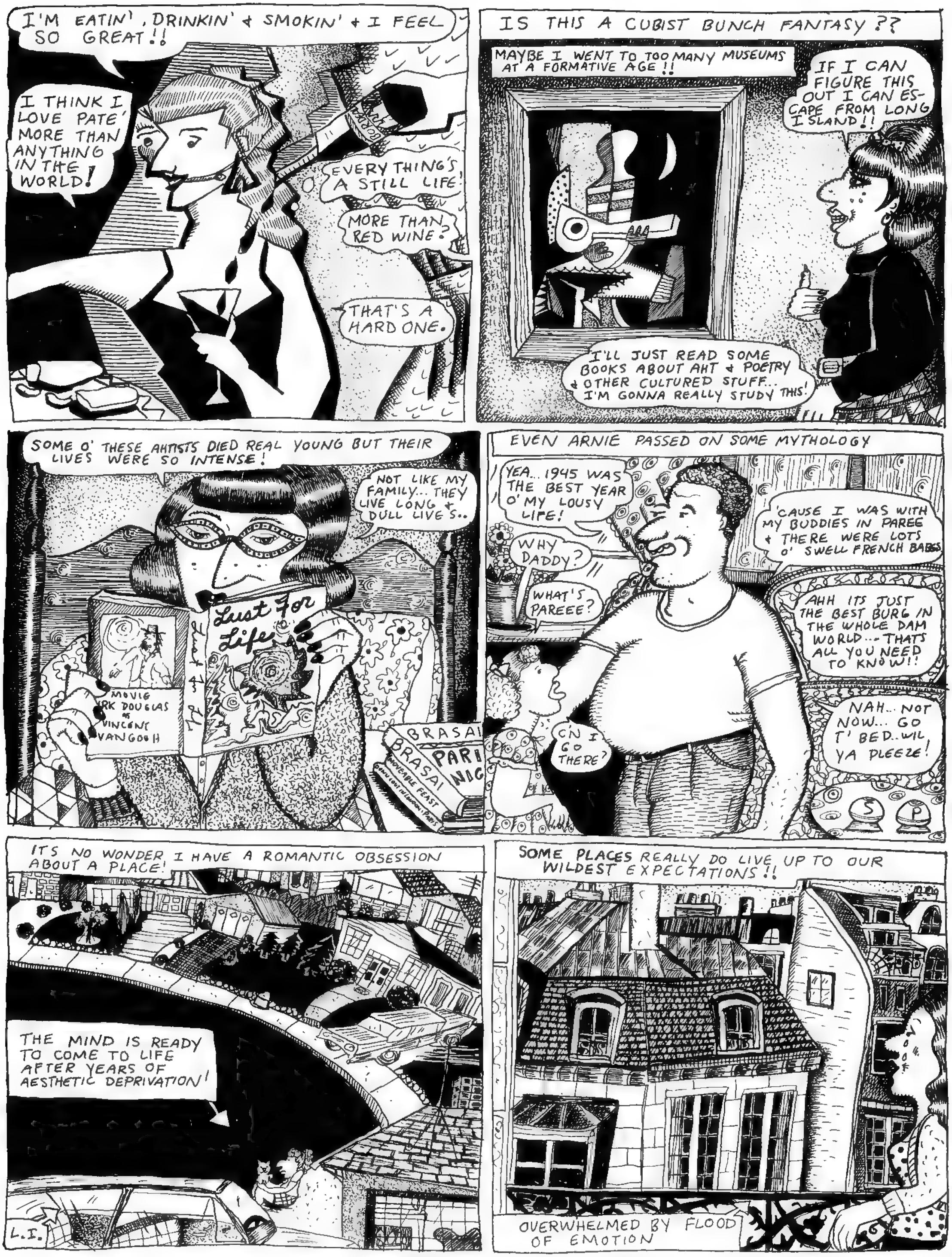

MEANWHILE...
JOHN! THIS FAUCET'S STILL NOT RIGHT! NOW IT MAKES A HORRIBLE NOISE WHEN YOU TURN IT ON! HEAR THAT?!
THAT DAMN OL' WORTHLESS ALCOHOLIC PLUMBER! I'LL HAVE TO GET A DIFFERENT GUY OUT HERE...
OH BABY IS MY BACK SORE! UNH...
WELL, YOU WON'T WEAR THE BRACE, SO WHAT DO YOU EXPECT??
AN' AFTER SHELLING OUT SIX-HUNDRED BUCKS TO THAT CRAZY HUNGARIAN CHIROPRACTOR!
DAVE HASN'T CALLED OR WRITTEN SINCE CHRISTMAS, YOU KNOW THAT?
I REFUSE TO CALL HIM AGAIN AND BE FORCED TO LISTEN TO THAT DELIBERATELY OBSCURE MESSAGE ON HIS MACHINE... HE NEVER RETURNS MY CALLS ANYWAY!
GODDAMN LITTLE PISSANT.... I SHOULDA PUNCHED HIM OUT A FEW TIMES WHEN HE WAS A TEENAGER! MAYBE THAT WOULD'VE—
JOHN! WHAT AN AWFUL THING TO SAY! HE'S AN ARTIST! THAT'S HOW THEY ARE.
ARTIST! BULLSHIT! ARTIST... PHHH! RIDICULOUS MASTURBATORY NONSENSE...
I WANT YOU TO STICK THAT THING OF YOURS IN ME TONIGHT... THINK YOU CAN??
SIGH... RIGHT NOW A DECENT BOWEL MOVEMENT IS THE MOST THRILLING THING I CAN THINK OF...
HATE TA TELL YA... (CHUCKLE)
WHAT IF I WORK ON IT A LITTLE? LET ME SEE THAT... HMM...
GO AHEAD... DO WHAT YOU WANT WITH THE DAMN THING!
IT'S NOT WORKING... I'M GETTING ZERO RESPONSE... ZILCH! NOTHING!
WELL, YOU KNOW, WHY DON'TCHA LET ME PLAY MY LITTLE, UM, GAME? WILL YOU PUT ON THE OUTFIT?
OH, ALRIGHT.
OHHH AWPH AHMGH
IT'S GETTING HARD! YOU ARE SUCH A DEPRAVED OLD BASTARD— GHASP! SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!
DING DONG
TO BE DISCONTINUED IMMEDIATELY!!

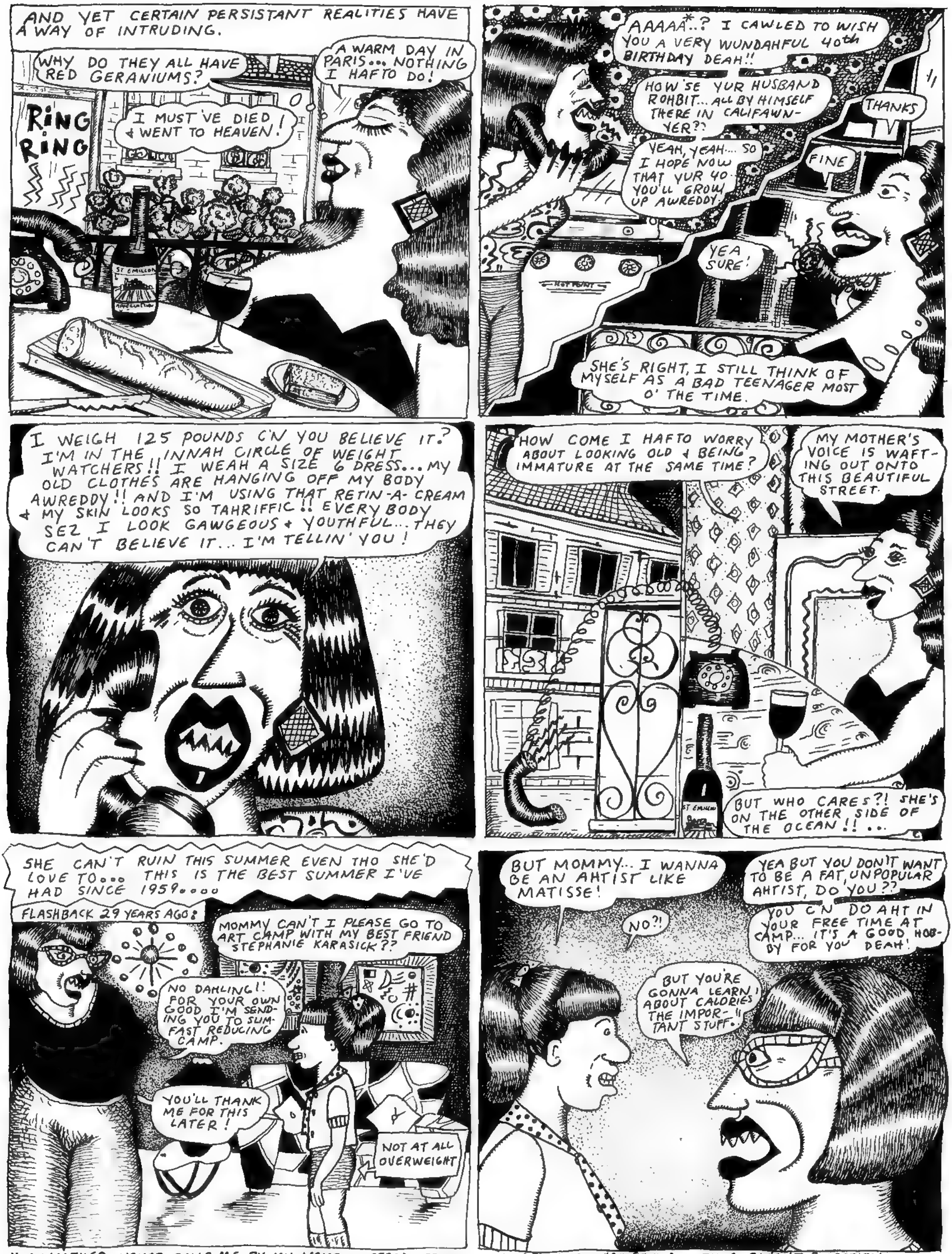

Auntie
MARY
REVISITED
30 YEARS LATER, 1988*
C'MON MAMA. GO SWIMMIN' WITH US GUYS.
OH HONEY— I DON'T THINK SO. I DIDN'T BRING A SUIT.
I BET YOU'LL FIND ONE OUT ON THE PORCH. THERE'S A CHEST OF DRAWERS FULL OF SUITS.
'S OK. I'M NOT
GET OUT THERE AND GET A SUIT ON!
OK. OK.
WOOH LOOK AT THIS NUMBER! IT'LL FALL RIGHT OFF WHEN I HIT THE WATER!
OH FER CHRISSAKES, WHERE THE HELL D'YA THINK YOU ARE, THE MISS WISCONSIN PAGEANT?!
(HAH!)
NOBODY HERE CARES ABOUT YOUR SCRAWNY LITTLE BODY.
SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE.
C. Tyler
Nov. '88

THIS SUMMER, IT WAS EXACTLY 20 YRS. SINCE I'D LAST SEEN MY AUNT MARY
AND EXACTLY → 30 YRS. SINCE THE INCIDENT DESCRIBED IN WEIRDO #21.

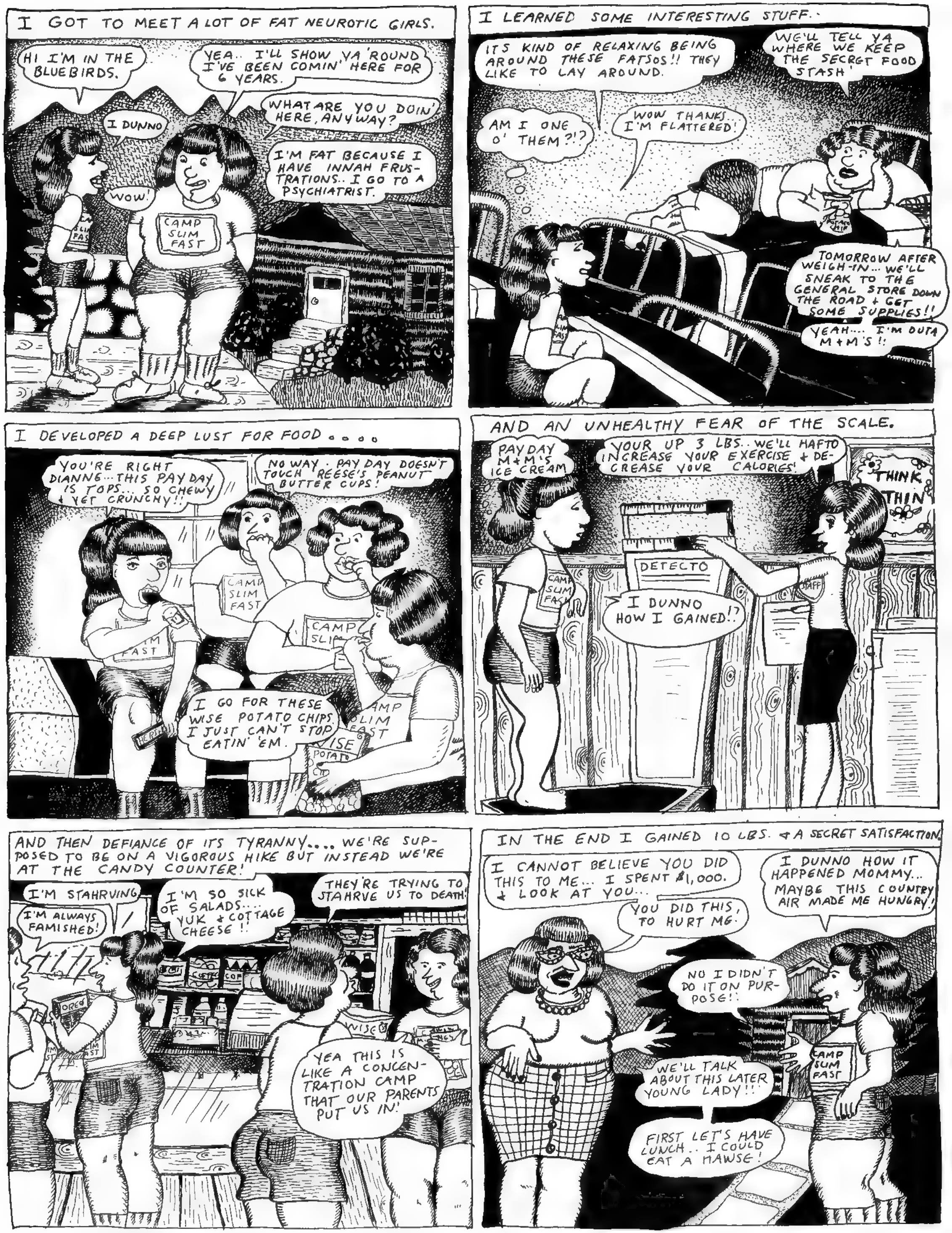
WOOO! WOOO!
THIS IS DEFINITELY A HIGH ENERGY TRIP!
E.C. LIMITED
FUCK YOU!
JESUS SAVES!
OW stop!
NYUCK NYUCK
YEA MAMA!
NOT OF THIS PINHEAD!!
NO THANKS!
信
АМФИБИЯ
WHAT A JOKE!
DON'T CALL ME AN "INVENTION", MALE CHAUVINIST PIG! I'M THE ULTIMATE FEMALE FIGHTING MACHINE!
AHA! FINISHED AT LAST! MY GREATEST INVENTION!
HEY MAN! D'YA KNOW ANYBODY WHO WANTS THIS?
WHO'S THAT JERK?
WANTED FOR LATENT AND ILLEGAL SEXISM, AVOIDANCE OF AEROBICISE, AND SUSPECTED NEO-"UNDERGROUND" CARTOONING
CHUCK FARLEY
WHAT AM I DOING HERE?
I WANT HER SO BAD!
A REAL WOMAN
TRUKULENCIA
TRINA
TEEN ANGEL
CUT!
SHOW-OFF!
NOT FUNNY!
CITY LIMITS
EEK!!
WHINE
ATTENTION PEOPLE OF EARTH: YOU HAVE A FRIEND IN TRINA
IF ONLY SPAIN WOULD CALL
سالروزن بهمن
HCSR 1985
DRAW WE MUST, ON... Gary's Jam
ME FIRST
A MODERN WOMAN'S MAG
JUST WHO THE FUCK IS THIS "GARY"?
OOHH HE'S THIS PUDGY GUY THAT SELLS COMIX TO MEXICAN TEEN-AGERS.. A BEAUTIFUL DUDE...
I WAS KNOCKED UP BY AN UNDERGROUND CARTOONIST..
I WISH I STILL LIVED UP THERE WITH A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE, WIFE KIDS AND CAR INSTEAD OF DOWN HERE IN THE MUCK AND TORMENT PLAYING CARDS WITH YOU!
YEAH.. WELL.. PEOPLE IN HELL WANT ICE WATER TOO.. HYUK!
I RAISE YA FIVE BUCKS, DEATH BREATH...
SO THIS IS ETERNAL DAMNATION! heh heh...
DROP THAT PIZZA BITCH!!
BEGUN: 1972, "FINISHED": NOV., 1988
?

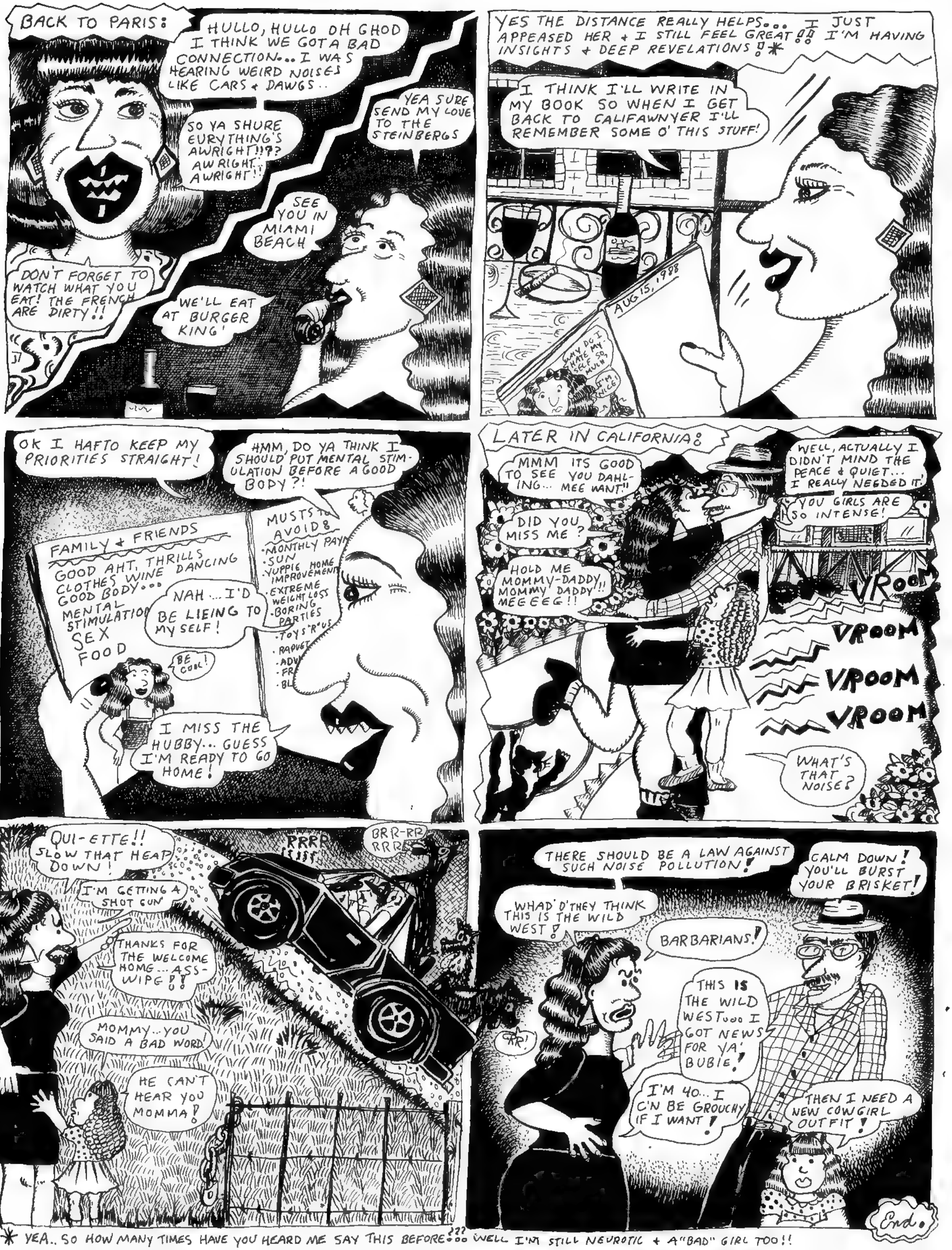

Le Bunché de Paree Turns
40
Glamor Champagne
Romance Art
GET BACK I'M NOT READY!
STILL JUTS OUT.
NEEDS MORE SEX!
CUTE NEW FRENCH OUTFIT!
CAN STILL STAY UP 'TIL 5 AM 3 NIGHTS IN A ROW WITHOUT DRUGS!!
MOTHER
RESPONSIBILITY
KIDS
HOME IMPROVEMENTS
Time Lurches on... Especially when Your Having Fun!
YOU'D THINK IT WOULD ALL BE ANTICLIMACTIC... AFTERALL, I'VE BEEN CALLING MYSELF "THE 40 YR. OLD HOUSEWIFE" FOR YEARS!!
WELL I'M REALLY 37½ BUT I'M SAYING I'M A 40 YR OLD HOUSEWIFE SO IT WON'T BE SUCH A SHOCK WHEN IT ACTUALLY HAPPENS!
OH I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE 40.. YOU DON'T LOOK THAT OLD!!
WELL WORKING OUT HELPS!
I HOPE I LOOK THAT GOOD WHEN I'M OLD!
22 YR. OLD IN AEROBICS CLASS
ON THE ACTUAL DAY OF MY 40th BIRTHDAY I WAS IN A CHATEAU ON AN ISLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN*...
WE KILLED THIS COCHÓN FOR YOUR BON ANIVERSAIR MADAM!!
YOU ARE THE MOST BEYUTEEFUL GUEST IN OUR PETIT VILLAGE MADAM CRUMB.... WE ARE HONORED TO HAVE YOU!!
I'M OVERWHELMED I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY..
WELL LET'S EAT & DRINK
GEE AT HOME IN CALIFAWNYER I'M AN OLD HAG AWREDDY... I HAFTO LEARN FRENCH!!
* BET YOU CAN GET A LOT OF SYMPATHY UP FOR ME!


I'M EATIN', DRINKIN' & SMOKIN' & I FEEL SO GREAT!!
I THINK I LOVE PATE' MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD!
EVERYTHING'S A STILL LIFE!
MORE THAN RED WINE?
THAT'S A HARD ONE.
IS THIS A CUBIST BUNCH FANTASY??
MAYBE I WENT TO TOO MANY MUSEUMS AT A FORMATIVE AGE!!
IF I CAN FIGURE THIS OUT I CAN ESCAPE FROM LONG ISLAND!!
I'LL JUST READ SOME BOOKS ABOUT AHT & POETRY & OTHER CULTURED STUFF... I'M GONNA REALLY STUDY THIS!
SOME O' THESE AHTISTS DIED REAL YOUNG BUT THEIR LIVES WERE SO INTENSE!
NOT LIKE MY FAMILY... THEY LIVE LONG & DULL LIVES..
Lust For Life
MOVIE
RK DOUGLAS AS VINCENT VANGOGH
BRASAI
BRASAI
PARI NIG
MOVEABLE FEAST
EVEN ARNIE PASSED ON SOME MYTHOLOGY
YEA... 1945 WAS THE BEST YEAR O' MY LOUSY LIFE!
WHY DADDY?
WHAT'S PAREEE?
'CAUSE I WAS WITH MY BUDDIES IN PAREE & THERE WERE LOTS O' SWELL FRENCH BABES
AHH ITS JUST THE BEST BURG IN THE WHOLE DAM WORLD...THATS ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW!!
C'N I GO THERE?
NAH... NOT NOW... GO T' BED.. WIL YA PLEEZE!
S
P
ITS NO WONDER I HAVE A ROMANTIC OBSESSION ABOUT A PLACE!
THE MIND IS READY TO COME TO LIFE AFTER YEARS OF AESTHETIC DEPRIVATION!
L.I.
SOME PLACES REALLY DO LIVE UP TO OUR WILDEST EXPECTATIONS!!
OOF
OVERWHELMED BY FLOOD OF EMOTION

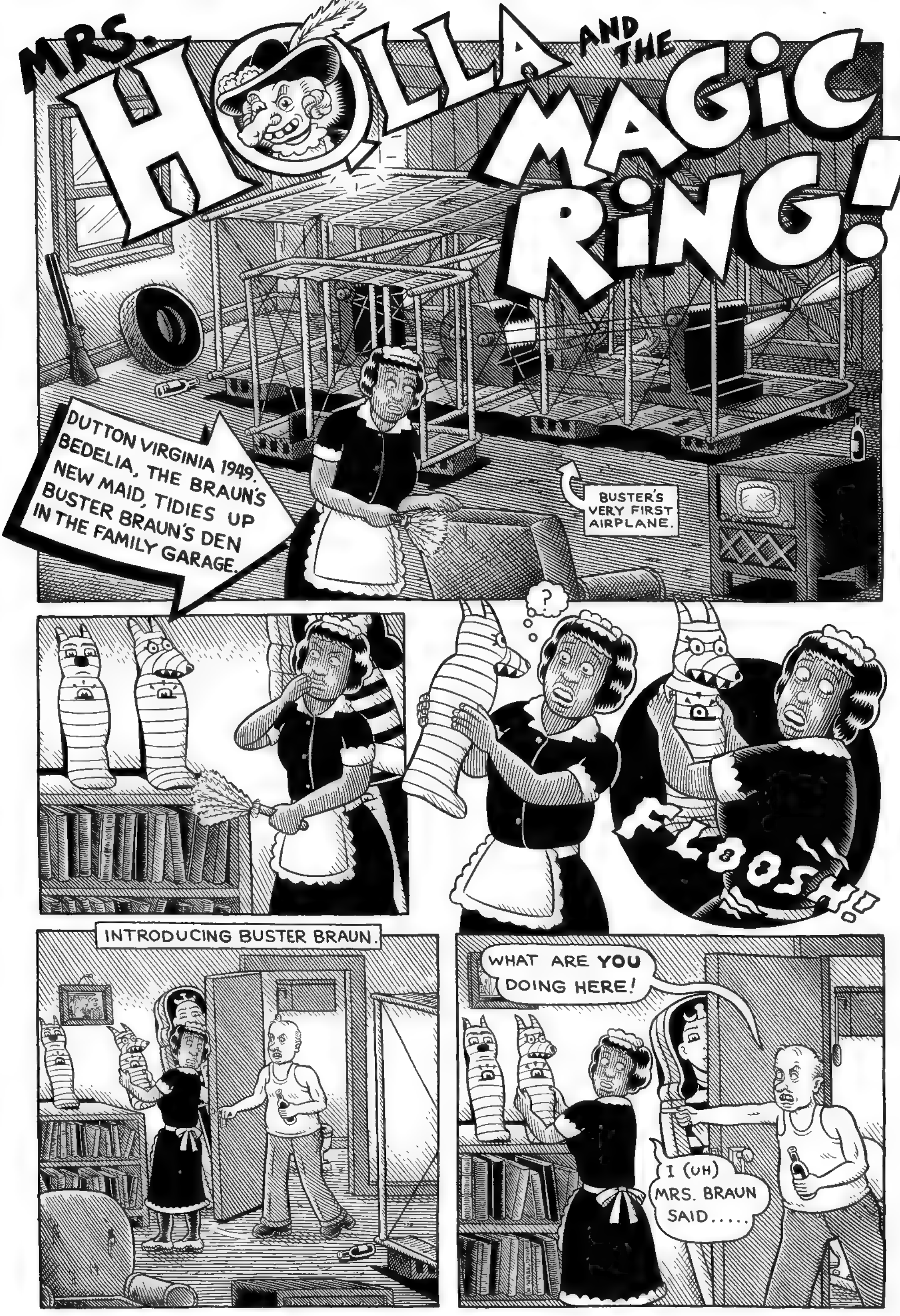

AND YET CERTAIN PERSISTANT REALITIES HAVE A WAY OF INTRUDING.
WHY DO THEY ALL HAVE RED GERANIUMS?
A WARM DAY IN PARIS... NOTHING I HAFTO DO!
RING RING
I MUST'VE DIED & WENT TO HEAVEN!
ST EMILION
AAAAA*..? I CAWLED TO WISH YOU A VERY WUNDAHFUL 40th BIRTHDAY DEAH!!
THANKS
HOW'SE YUR HUSBAND ROHBIT... ALL BY HIMSELF THERE IN CALIFAWN-YER??
FINE
YEAH, YEAH... SO I HOPE NOW THAT YUR 40 YOU'LL GROW UP AWREDDY
YEA SURE!
SHE'S RIGHT, I STILL THINK OF MYSELF AS A BAD TEENAGER MOST O' THE TIME.
I WEIGH 125 POUNDS C'N YOU BELIEVE IT? I'M IN THE INNAH CIRCLE OF WEIGHT WATCHERS!! I WEAH A SIZE 6 DRESS... MY OLD CLOTHES ARE HANGING OFF MY BODY AWREDDY!! AND I'M USING THAT RETIN-A-CREAM & MY SKIN LOOKS SO TAHRIFFIC!! EVERYBODY SEZ I LOOK GAWGEOUS & YOUTHFUL... THEY CAN'T BELIEVE IT... I'M TELLIN' YOU!
HOW COME I HAFTO WORRY ABOUT LOOKING OLD & BEING IMMATURE AT THE SAME TIME?
MY MOTHER'S VOICE IS WAFTING OUT ONTO THIS BEAUTIFUL STREET.
ST EMILION
BUT WHO CARES?! SHE'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE OCEAN!!..
SHE CAN'T RUIN THIS SUMMER EVEN THO SHE'D LOVE TO... THIS IS THE BEST SUMMER I'VE HAD SINCE 1959....
FLASHBACK 29 YEARS AGO:
MOMMY CAN'T I PLEASE GO TO ART CAMP WITH MY BEST FRIEND STEPHANIE KARASICK??
NO DAHLING! FOR YOUR OWN GOOD I'M SENDING YOU TO SLIM-FAST REDUCING CAMP.
YOU'LL THANK ME FOR THIS LATER!
NOT AT ALL OVERWEIGHT
BUT MOMMY... I WANNA BE AN AHTIST LIKE MATISSE!
YEA BUT YOU DON'T WANT TO BE A FAT, UNPOPULAR AHTIST, DO YOU??
NO?!
YOU C'N DO AHT IN YOUR FREE TIME AT CAMP... IT'S A GOOD HOBBY FOR YOU DEAH!
BUT YOU'RE GONNA LEARN ABOUT CALORIES THE IMPORTANT STUFF.

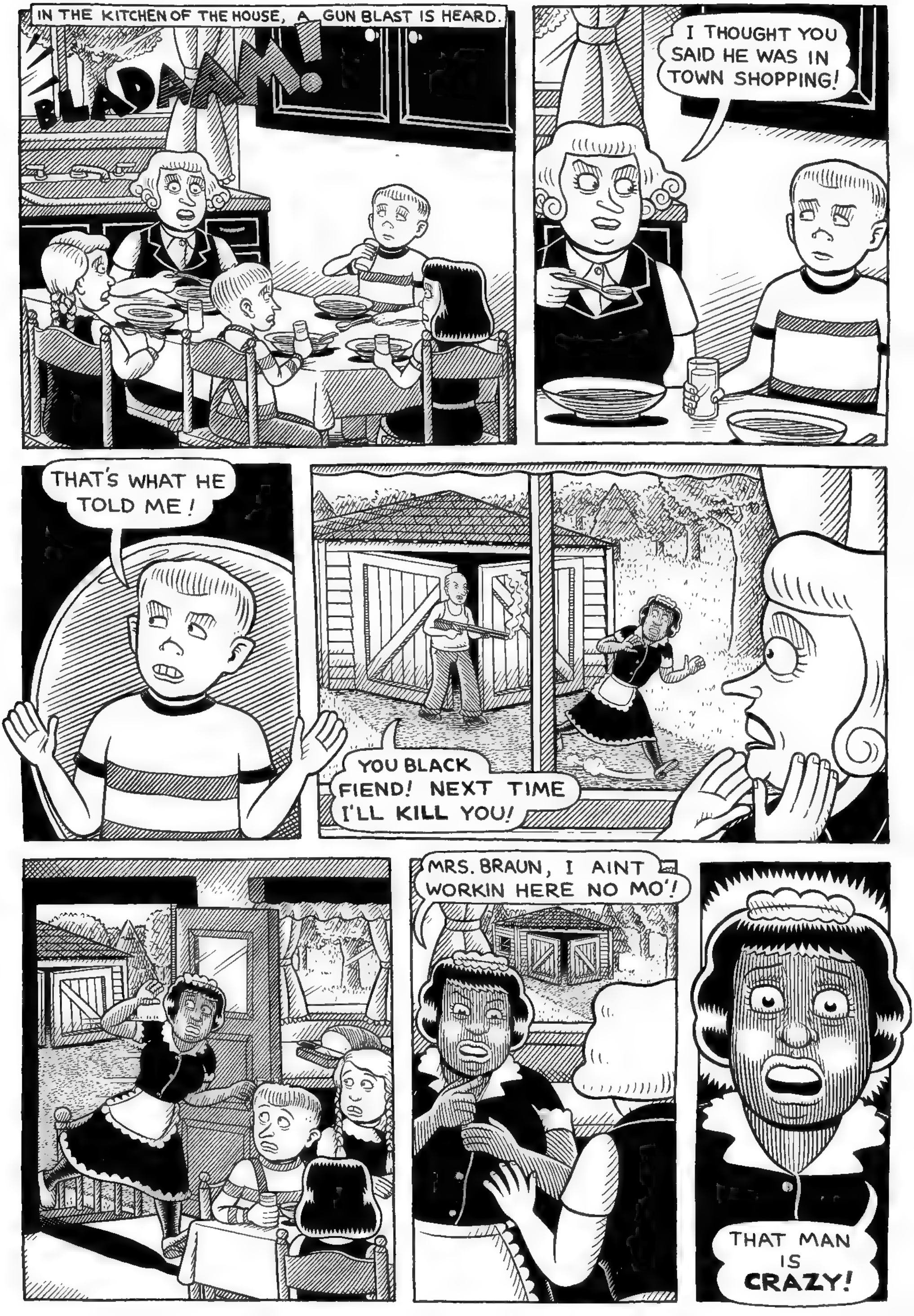
*MY MOTHER NEVER CALLS ME BY MY NAME... INSTEAD ITS THIS LONG DRAWN OUT "A" SOUND WITH A SLIGHT QUESTION.

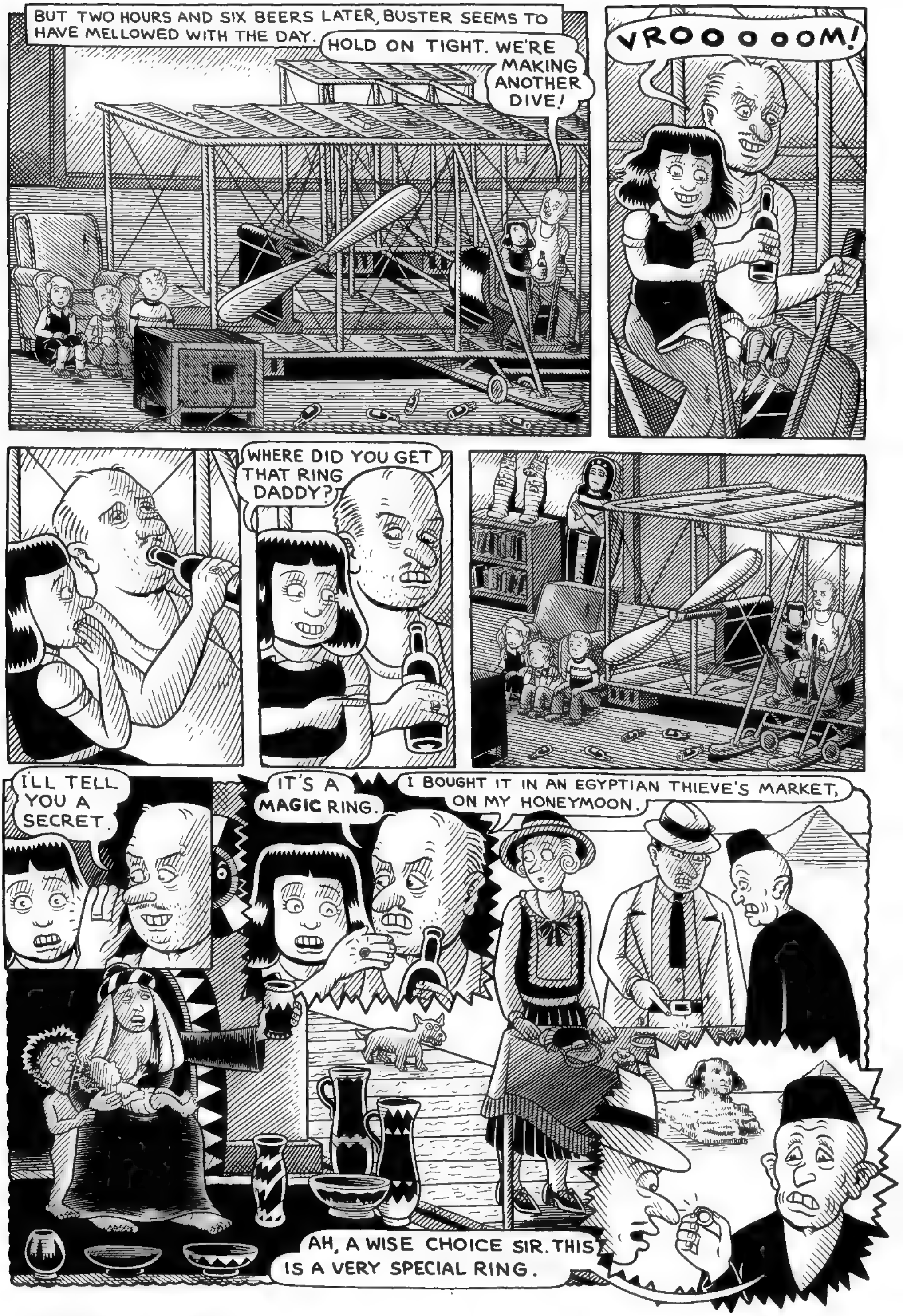

I GOT TO MEET A LOT OF FAT NEUROTIC GIRLS.
HI I'M IN THE BLUEBIRDS.
YEA.. I'LL SHOW YA 'ROUND I'VE BEEN COMIN' HERE FOR 6 YEARS.
I DUNNO
WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE, ANYWAY?
I'M FAT BECAUSE I HAVE INNAH FRUSTRATIONS.. I GO TO A PSYCHIATRIST.
WOW!
CAMP SLIM FAST
I LEARNED SOME INTERESTING STUFF.
ITS KIND OF RELAXING BEING AROUND THESE FATSOS!! THEY LIKE TO LAY AROUND.
WE'LL TELL YA WHERE WE KEEP THE SECRET FOOD STASH'
AM I ONE O' THEM?!?
WOW THANKS. I'M FLATTERED!
TOMORROW AFTER WEIGH-IN... WE'LL SNEAK TO THE GENERAL STORE DOWN THE ROAD + GET SOME SUPPLIES!!
YEAH.... I'M OUTA M+M'S!!
I DEVELOPED A DEEP LUST FOR FOOD....
YOU'RE RIGHT DIANNE...THIS PAY DAY IS TOPS... SO CHEWY + YET CRUNCHY!!
NO WAY. PAY DAY DOESN'T TOUCH REESE'S PEANUT BUTTER CUPS!
I GO FOR THESE WISE POTATO CHIPS. I JUST CAN'T STOP EATIN' 'EM.
WISE POTATO
HERSH
AND AN UNHEALTHY FEAR OF THE SCALE.
PAY DAY M+M'S ICE CREAM
YOUR UP 3 LBS.. WE'LL HAFTO INCREASE YOUR EXERCISE + DECREASE YOUR CALORIES!
THINK THIN
DETECTO
I DUNNO HOW I GAINED!?
STAFF
AND THEN DEFIANCE OF ITS TYRANNY.... WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ON A VIGOROUS HIKE BUT INSTEAD WE'RE AT THE CANDY COUNTER!
I'M STAHRVING
I'M ALWAYS FAMISHED!
I'M SO SICK OF SALADS.... YUK + COTTAGE CHEESE!!
THEY'RE TRYING TO STAHRVE US TO DEATH!
OREO
WISE
YEA THIS IS LIKE A CONCENTRATION CAMP THAT OUR PARENTS PUT US IN!
IN THE END I GAINED 10 LBS. + A SECRET SATISFACTION.
I CANNOT BELIEVE YOU DID THIS TO ME... I SPENT $1,000. + LOOK AT YOU...
I DUNNO HOW IT HAPPENED MOMMY... MAYBE THIS COUNTRY AIR MADE ME HUNGRY!
YOU DID THIS, TO HURT ME.
NO I DIDN'T DO IT ON PURPOSE!
WE'LL TALK ABOUT THIS LATER YOUNG LADY!!
FIRST LET'S HAVE LUNCH.. I COULD EAT A HAWSE!
CAMP SLIM FAST

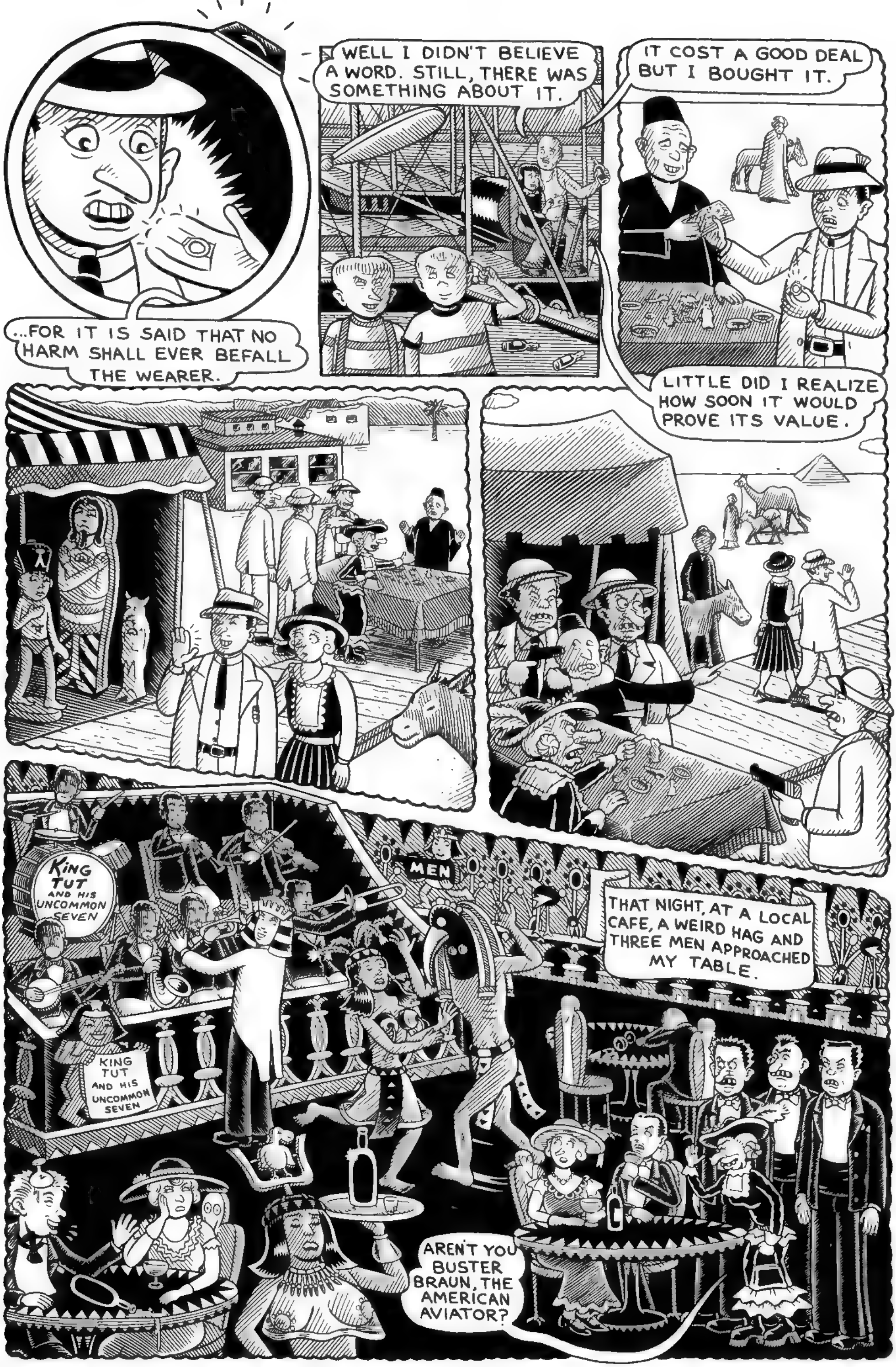

BACK TO PARIS:
HULLO, HULLO OH GHOD I THINK WE GOT A BAD CONNECTION... I WAS HEARING WEIRD NOISES LIKE CARS + DAWGS..
SO YA SHURE EURYTHING'S AWRIGHT!!?? AWRIGHT. AWRIGHT!
YEA SURE SEND MY LOVE TO THE STEINBERGS
SEE YOU IN MIAMI BEACH
DON'T FORGET TO WATCH WHAT YOU EAT! THE FRENCH ARE DIRTY!!
WE'LL EAT AT BURGER KING!
JT
YES THE DISTANCE REALLY HELPS... I JUST APPEASED HER + I STILL FEEL GREAT!!! I'M HAVING INSIGHTS + DEEP REVELATIONS!!*
I THINK I'LL WRITE IN MY BOOK SO WHEN I GET BACK TO CALIFAWNYER I'LL REMEMBER SOME O' THIS STUFF!
AUG 15, 1988
WHY DO I HATE MY SELF SO MUCH?
I'M NICE!
OK I HAFTO KEEP MY PRIORITIES STRAIGHT!
HMM, DO YA THINK I SHOULD PUT MENTAL STIMULATION BEFORE A GOOD BODY?!
FAMILY + FRIENDS
GOOD AHT, THRILLS
CLOTHES WINE DANCING
GOOD BODY...
MENTAL STIMULATIO
SEX
FOOD
MUSTS TO AVOID:
·MONTHLY PAY
·SUN
·YUPPIE HOME IMPROVEMENT
·EXTREME WEIGHT LOSS
·BORING PARTIES
·TOYS "R" US
·RAQUET
·ADV
·FR
·BL
NAH... I'D BE LIEING TO MY SELF!
BE COOL!
I MISS THE HUBBY... GUESS I'M READY TO GO HOME!
LATER IN CALIFORNIA:
MMM ITS GOOD TO SEE YOU DAHLING... MEE WANT!
WELL, ACTUALLY I DIDN'T MIND THE PEACE + QUIET... I REALLY NEEDED IT!
YOU GIRLS ARE SO INTENSE!
DID YOU MISS ME?
HOLD ME MOMMY-DADDY MOMMY DADDY!! MEEEEG!!
VROOM
VROOM
VROOM
VROOM
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
QUI-ETTE!! SLOW THAT HEAP DOWN!
PRRR
BRR-RR RRR
I'M GETTING A SHOT GUN!
THANKS FOR THE WELCOME HOME... ASS-WIPE!!
MOMMY... YOU SAID A BAD WORD!
HE CAN'T HEAR YOU MOMMA!
THERE SHOULD BE A LAW AGAINST SUCH NOISE POLLUTION!
CALM DOWN! YOU'LL BURST YOUR BRISKET!
WHAD'D THEY THINK THIS IS THE WILD WEST!
BARBARIANS!
GRR!
THIS IS THE WILD WEST... I GOT NEWS FOR YA' BUBIE!
I'M 40... I C'N BE GROUCHY IF I WANT!
THEN I NEED A NEW COWGIRL OUTFIT!
End.

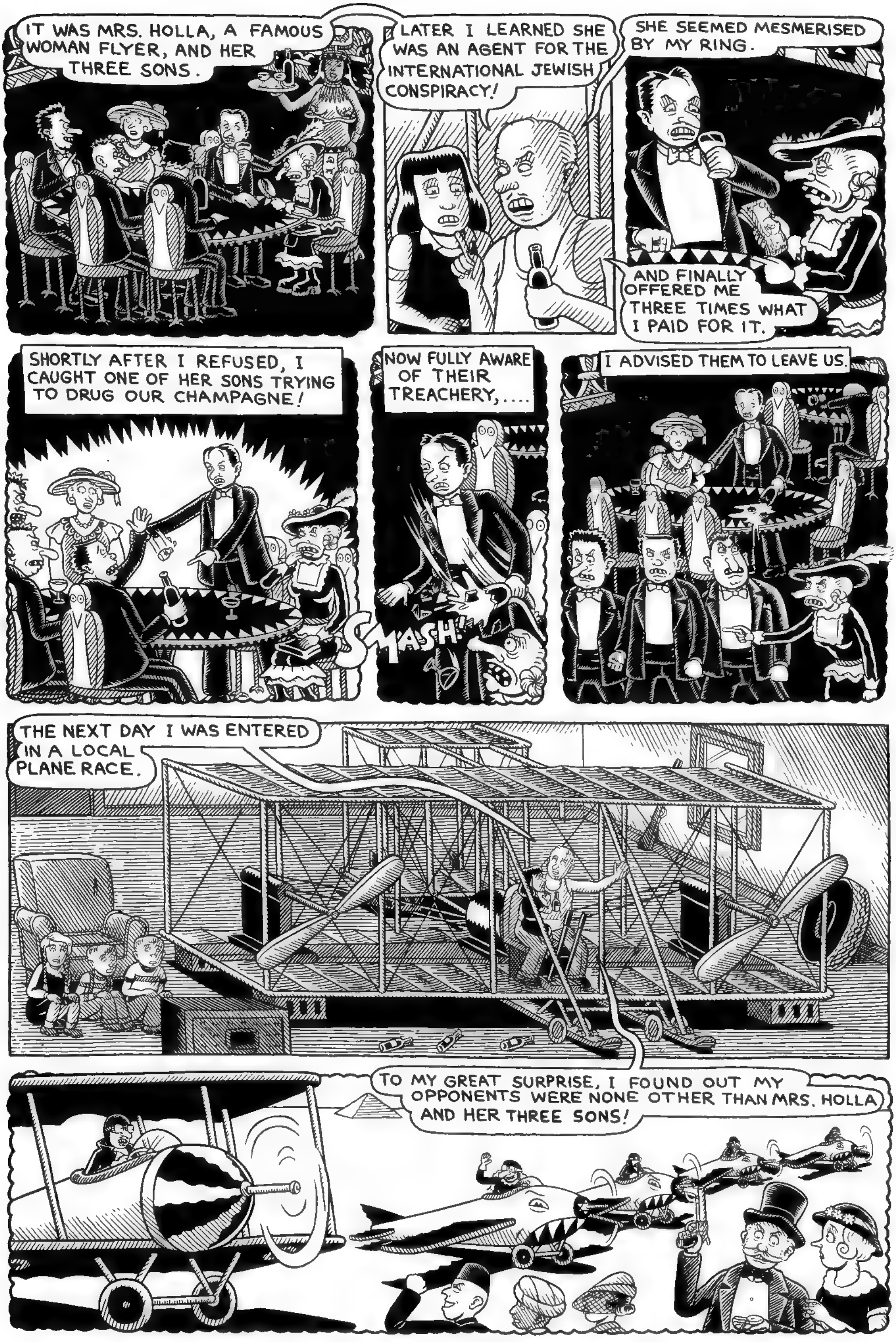
* YEA.. SO HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU HEARD ME SAY THIS BEFORE??? WELL I'M STILL NEUROTIC + A "BAD" GIRL TOO!!

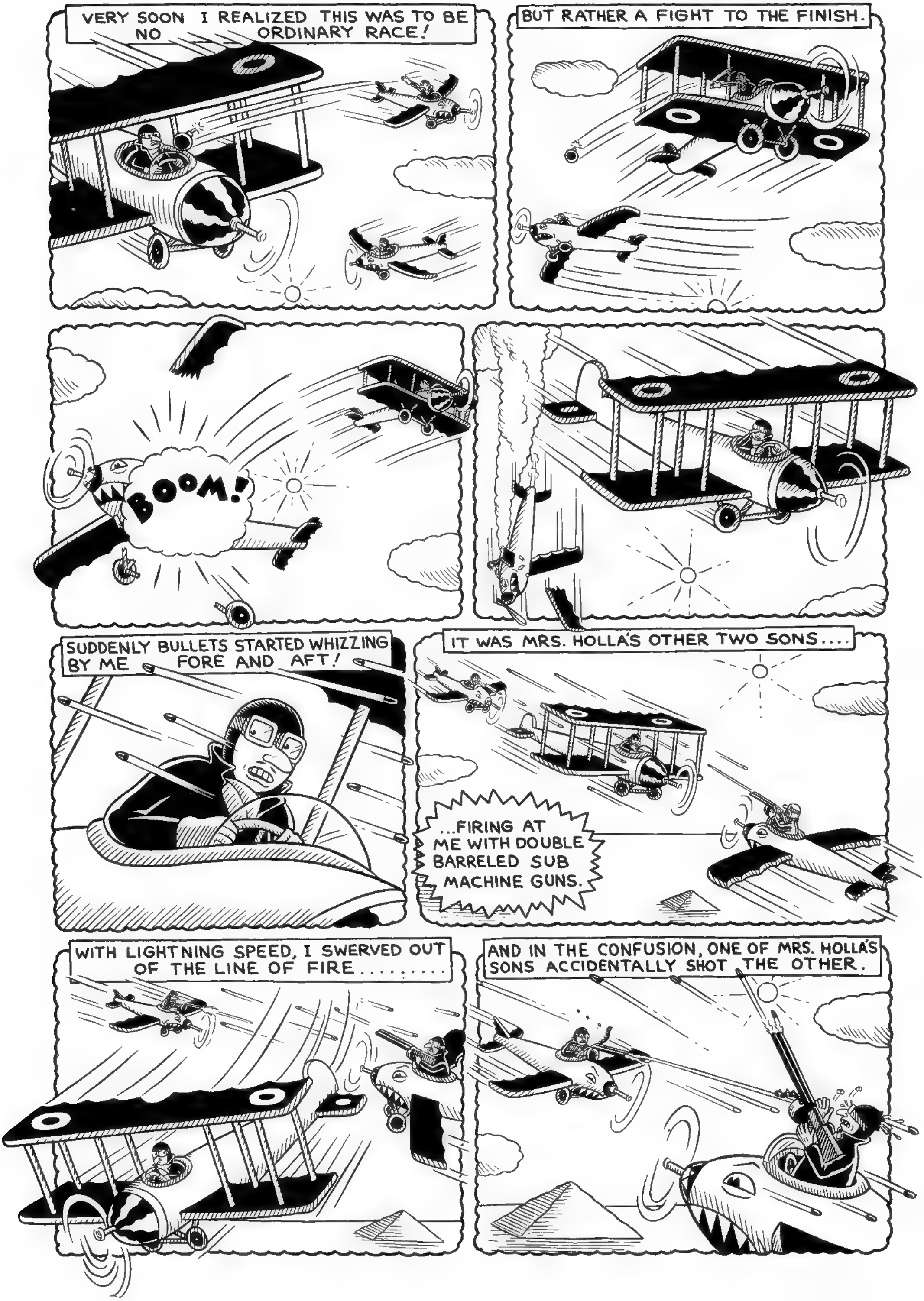

MRS. HOLLA AND THE MAGIC RING!
DUTTON VIRGINIA 1949. BEDELIA, THE BRAUN'S NEW MAID, TIDIES UP BUSTER BRAUN'S DEN IN THE FAMILY GARAGE.
BUSTER'S VERY FIRST AIRPLANE.
?
FLOOSH!!
INTRODUCING BUSTER BRAUN.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!
I (UH) MRS. BRAUN SAID.....

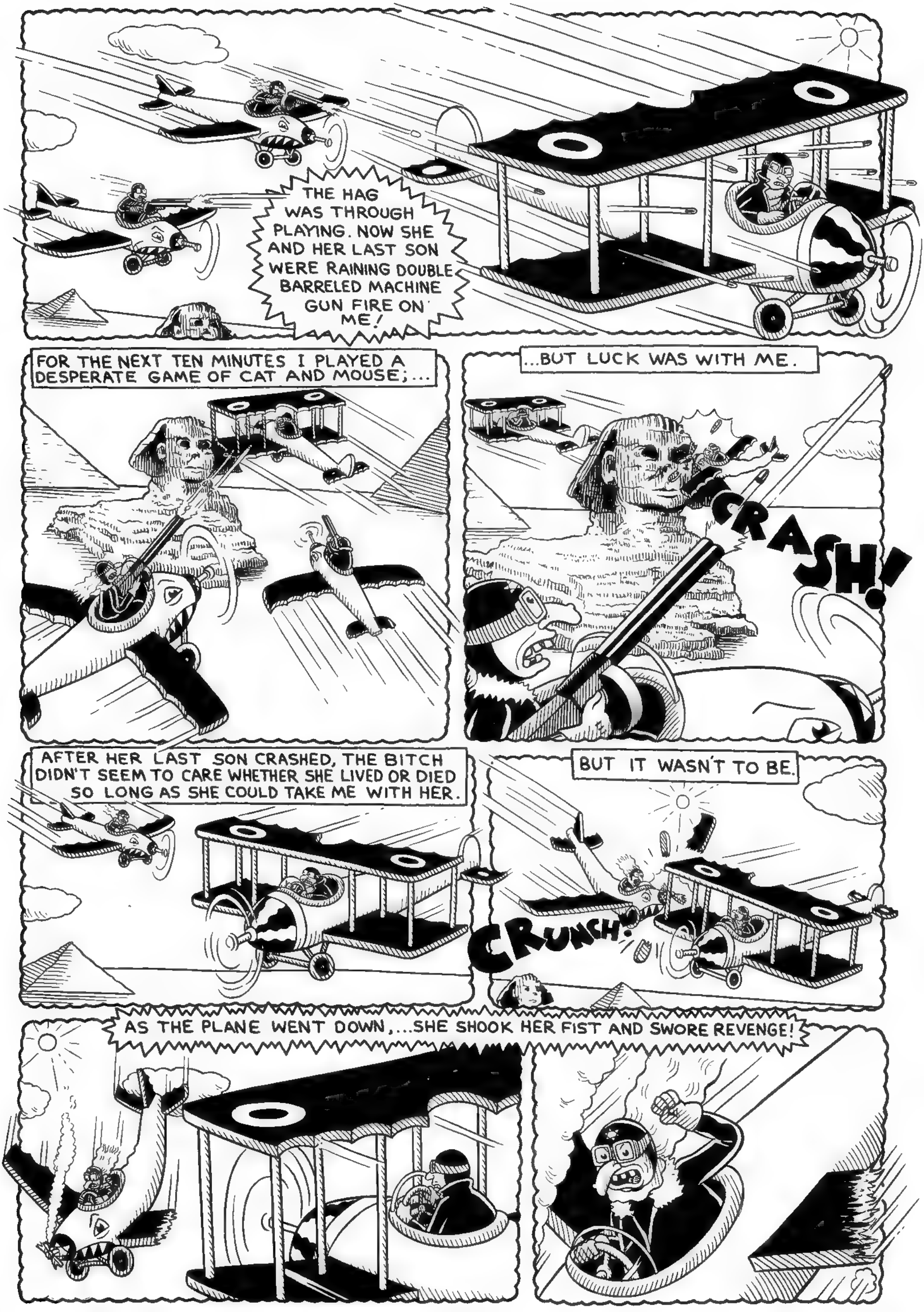

IN THE KITCHEN OF THE HOUSE, A GUN BLAST IS HEARD.
BLADAAM!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WAS IN TOWN SHOPPING!
THAT'S WHAT HE TOLD ME!
YOU BLACK FIEND! NEXT TIME I'LL KILL YOU!
MRS. BRAUN, I AINT WORKIN HERE NO MO'!
THAT MAN IS CRAZY!

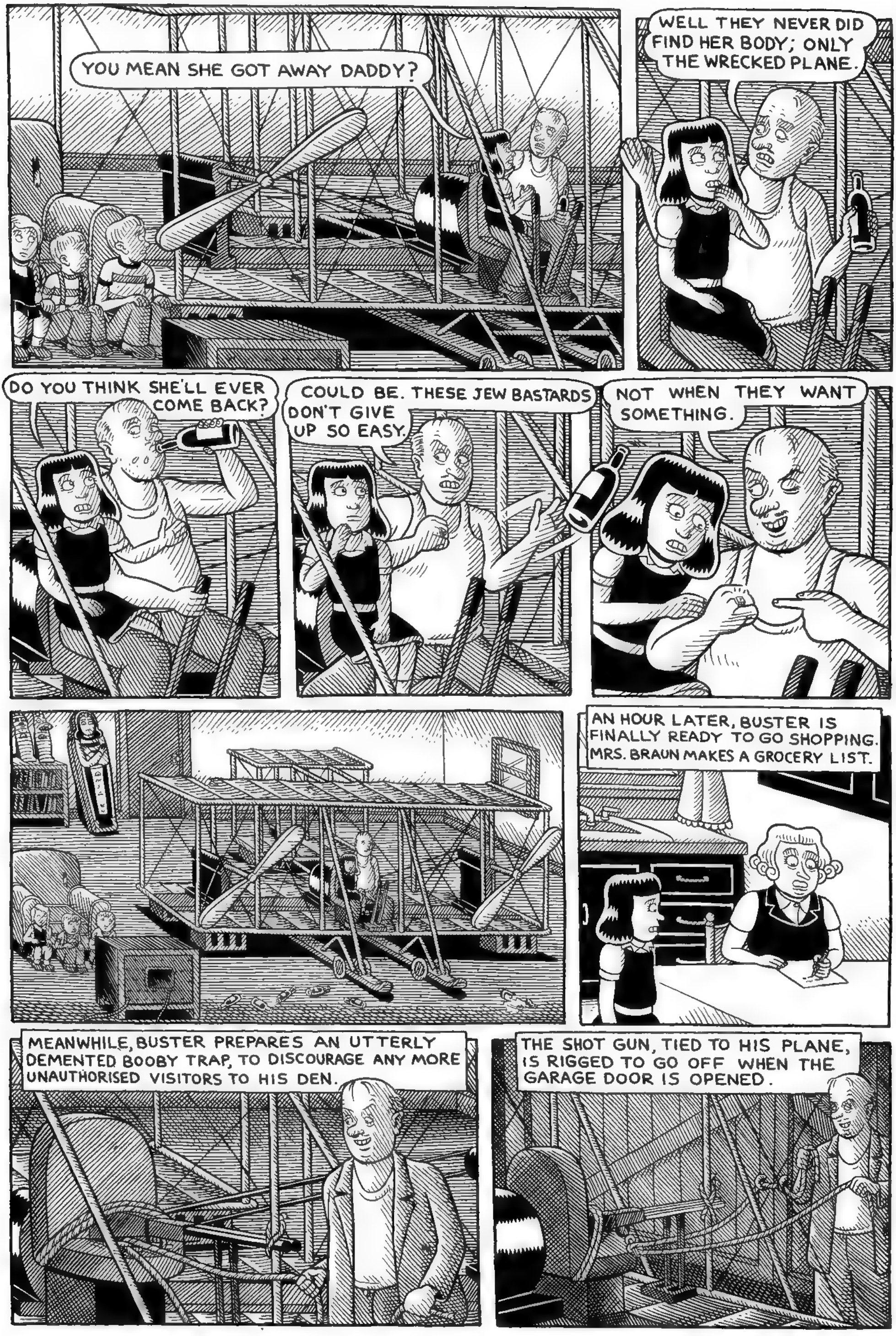

BUT TWO HOURS AND SIX BEERS LATER, BUSTER SEEMS TO HAVE MELLOWED WITH THE DAY.
HOLD ON TIGHT. WE'RE MAKING ANOTHER DIVE!
VROOOOOM!
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT RING DADDY?
I'LL TELL YOU A SECRET.
IT'S A MAGIC RING.
I BOUGHT IT IN AN EGYPTIAN THIEVE'S MARKET, ON MY HONEYMOON.
AH, A WISE CHOICE SIR. THIS IS A VERY SPECIAL RING.

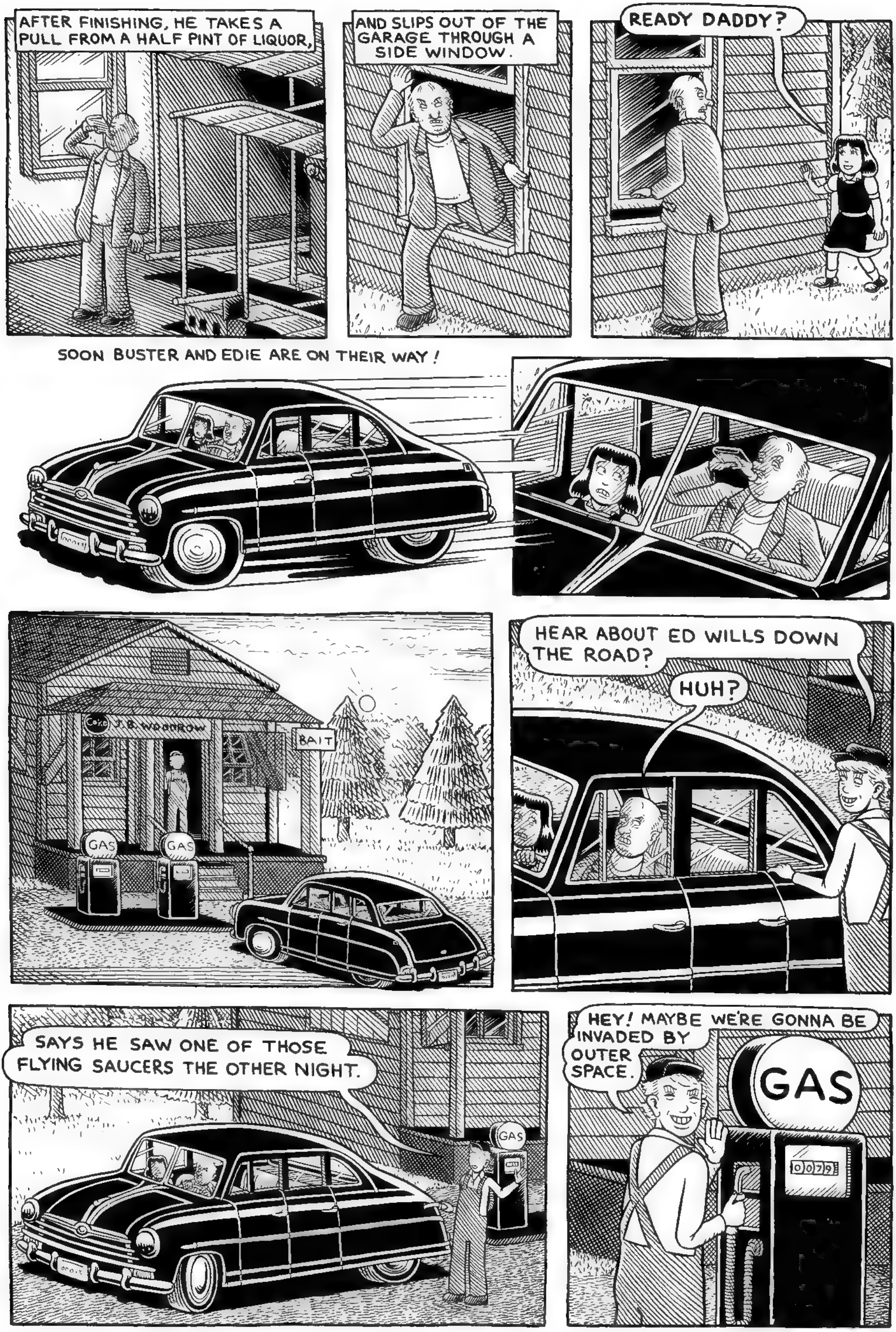

...FOR IT IS SAID THAT NO HARM SHALL EVER BEFALL THE WEARER.
WELL I DIDN'T BELIEVE A WORD. STILL, THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT IT.
IT COST A GOOD DEAL BUT I BOUGHT IT.
LITTLE DID I REALIZE HOW SOON IT WOULD PROVE ITS VALUE.
KING TUT AND HIS UNCOMMON SEVEN
MEN
THAT NIGHT, AT A LOCAL CAFE, A WEIRD HAG AND THREE MEN APPROACHED MY TABLE.
KING TUT AND HIS UNCOMMON SEVEN
AREN'T YOU BUSTER BRAUN, THE AMERICAN AVIATOR?

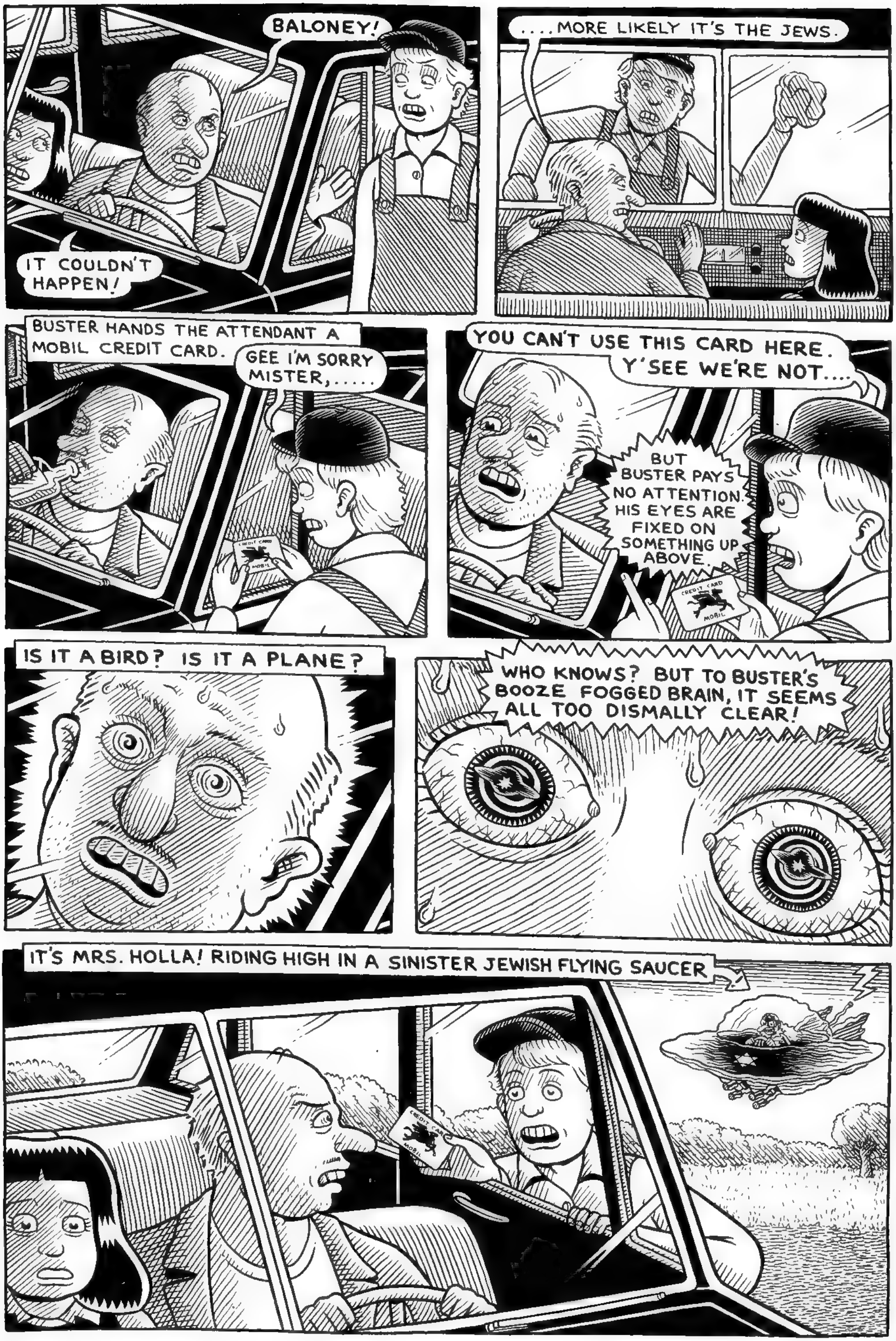

IT WAS MRS. HOLLA, A FAMOUS WOMAN FLYER, AND HER THREE SONS.
LATER I LEARNED SHE WAS AN AGENT FOR THE INTERNATIONAL JEWISH CONSPIRACY!
SHE SEEMED MESMERISED BY MY RING.
AND FINALLY OFFERED ME THREE TIMES WHAT I PAID FOR IT.
SHORTLY AFTER I REFUSED, I CAUGHT ONE OF HER SONS TRYING TO DRUG OUR CHAMPAGNE!
NOW FULLY AWARE OF THEIR TREACHERY, ....
SMASH!
I ADVISED THEM TO LEAVE US.
THE NEXT DAY I WAS ENTERED IN A LOCAL PLANE RACE.
TO MY GREAT SURPRISE, I FOUND OUT MY OPPONENTS WERE NONE OTHER THAN MRS. HOLLA AND HER THREE SONS!

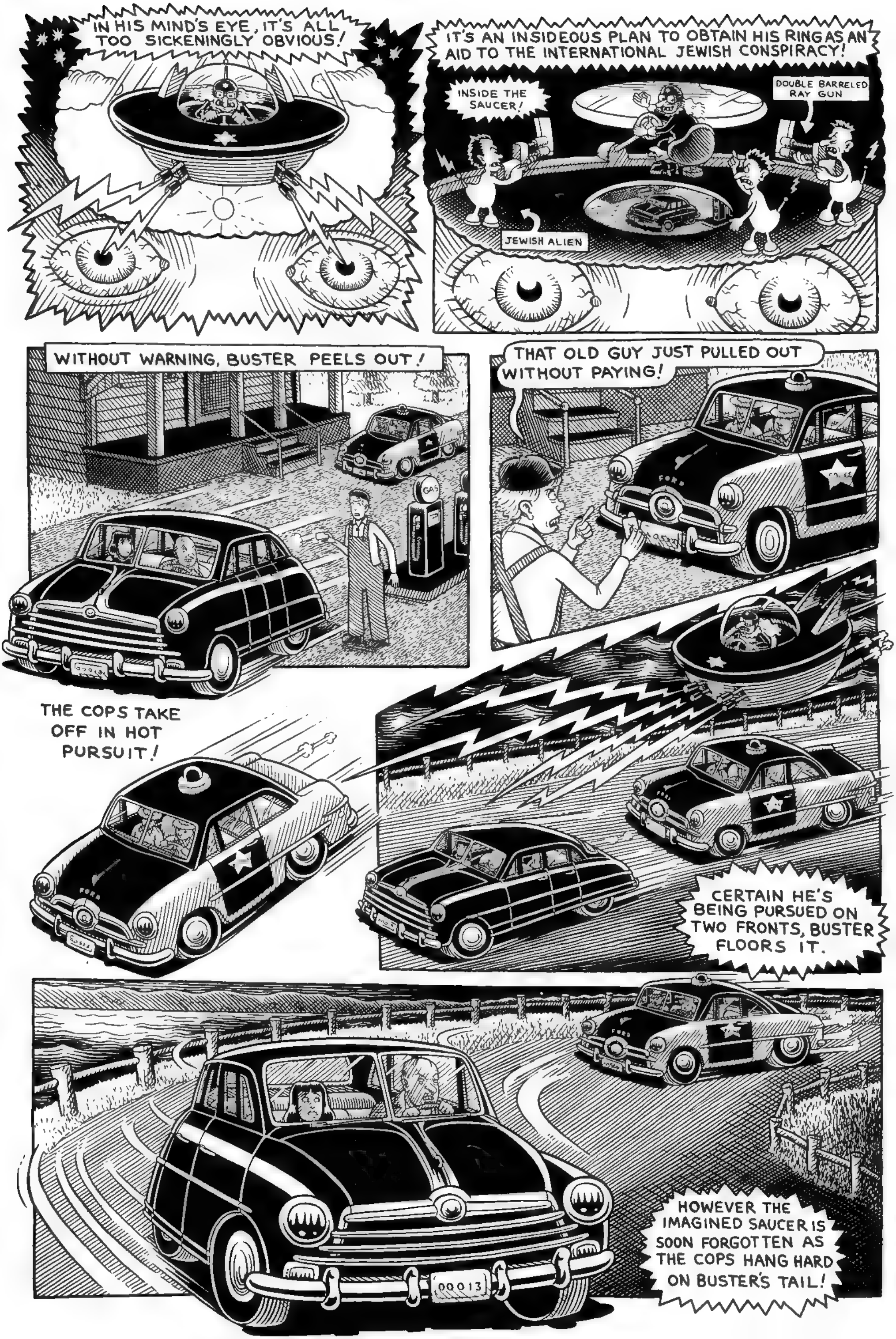

VERY SOON I REALIZED THIS WAS TO BE NO ORDINARY RACE!
BUT RATHER A FIGHT TO THE FINISH.
BOOM!
SUDDENLY BULLETS STARTED WHIZZING BY ME FORE AND AFT!
IT WAS MRS. HOLLA'S OTHER TWO SONS....
...FIRING AT ME WITH DOUBLE BARRELED SUB MACHINE GUNS.
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, I SWERVED OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE..........
AND IN THE CONFUSION, ONE OF MRS. HOLLA'S SONS ACCIDENTALLY SHOT THE OTHER.

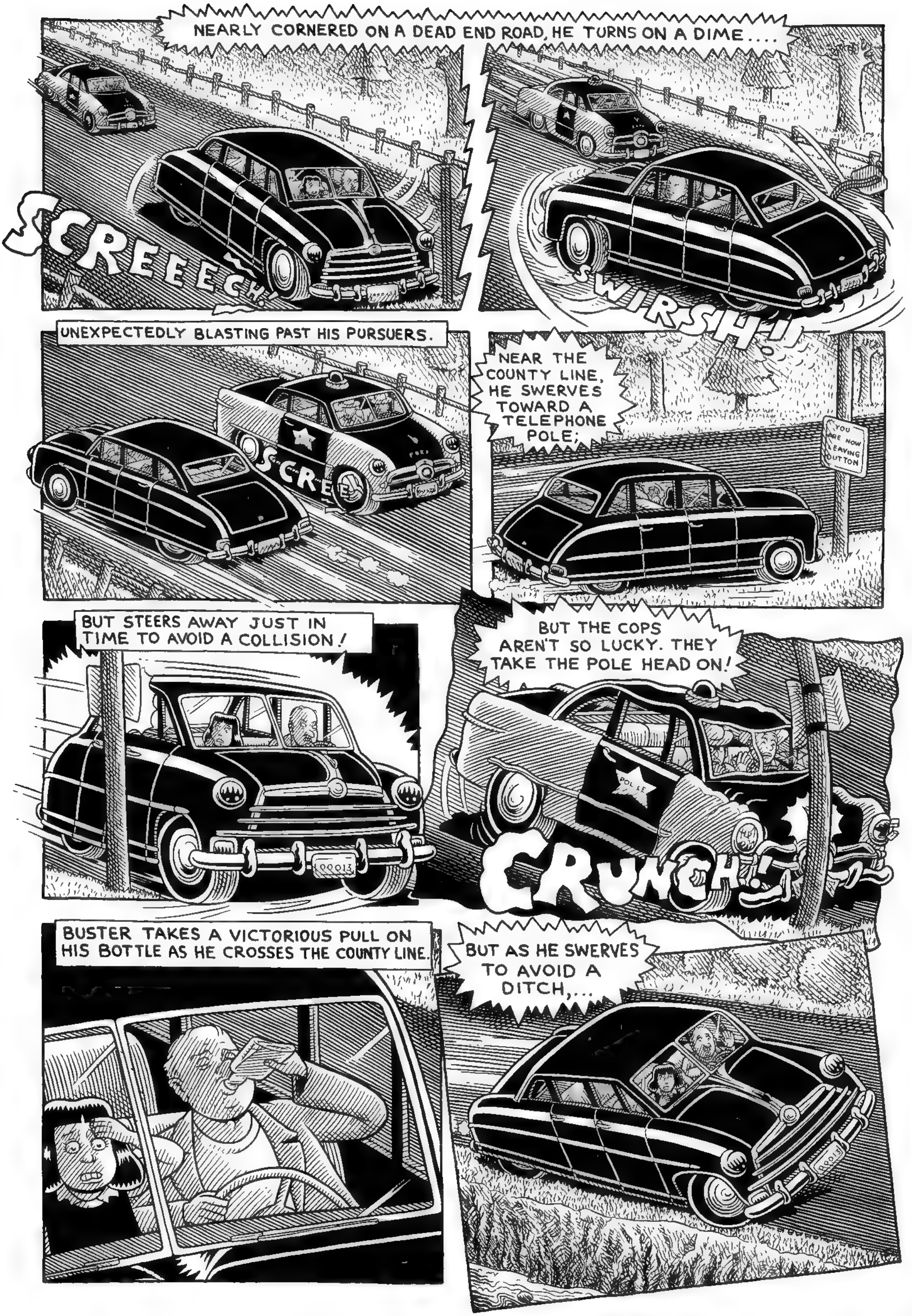

THE HAG WAS THROUGH PLAYING. NOW SHE AND HER LAST SON WERE RAINING DOUBLE BARRELED MACHINE GUN FIRE ON ME!
FOR THE NEXT TEN MINUTES I PLAYED A DESPERATE GAME OF CAT AND MOUSE;...
...BUT LUCK WAS WITH ME.
CRASH!
AFTER HER LAST SON CRASHED, THE BITCH DIDN'T SEEM TO CARE WHETHER SHE LIVED OR DIED SO LONG AS SHE COULD TAKE ME WITH HER.
BUT IT WASN'T TO BE.
CRUNCH!
AS THE PLANE WENT DOWN,...SHE SHOOK HER FIST AND SWORE REVENGE!

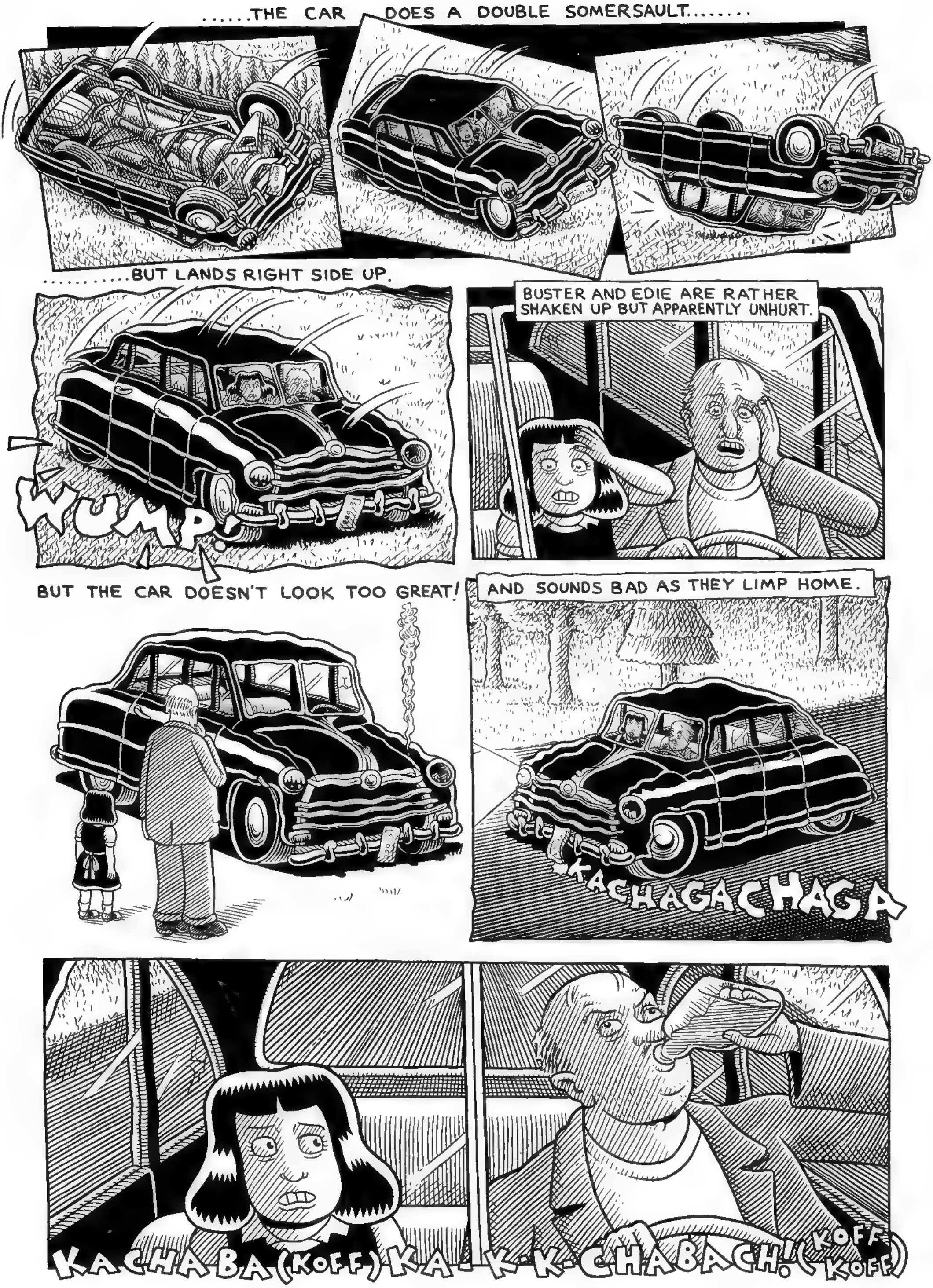

YOU MEAN SHE GOT AWAY DADDY?
WELL THEY NEVER DID FIND HER BODY; ONLY THE WRECKED PLANE.
DO YOU THINK SHE'LL EVER COME BACK?
COULD BE. THESE JEW BASTARDS DON'T GIVE UP SO EASY.
NOT WHEN THEY WANT SOMETHING.
AN HOUR LATER, BUSTER IS FINALLY READY TO GO SHOPPING. MRS. BRAUN MAKES A GROCERY LIST.
MEANWHILE, BUSTER PREPARES AN UTTERLY DEMENTED BOOBY TRAP, TO DISCOURAGE ANY MORE UNAUTHORISED VISITORS TO HIS DEN.
THE SHOT GUN, TIED TO HIS PLANE, IS RIGGED TO GO OFF WHEN THE GARAGE DOOR IS OPENED.

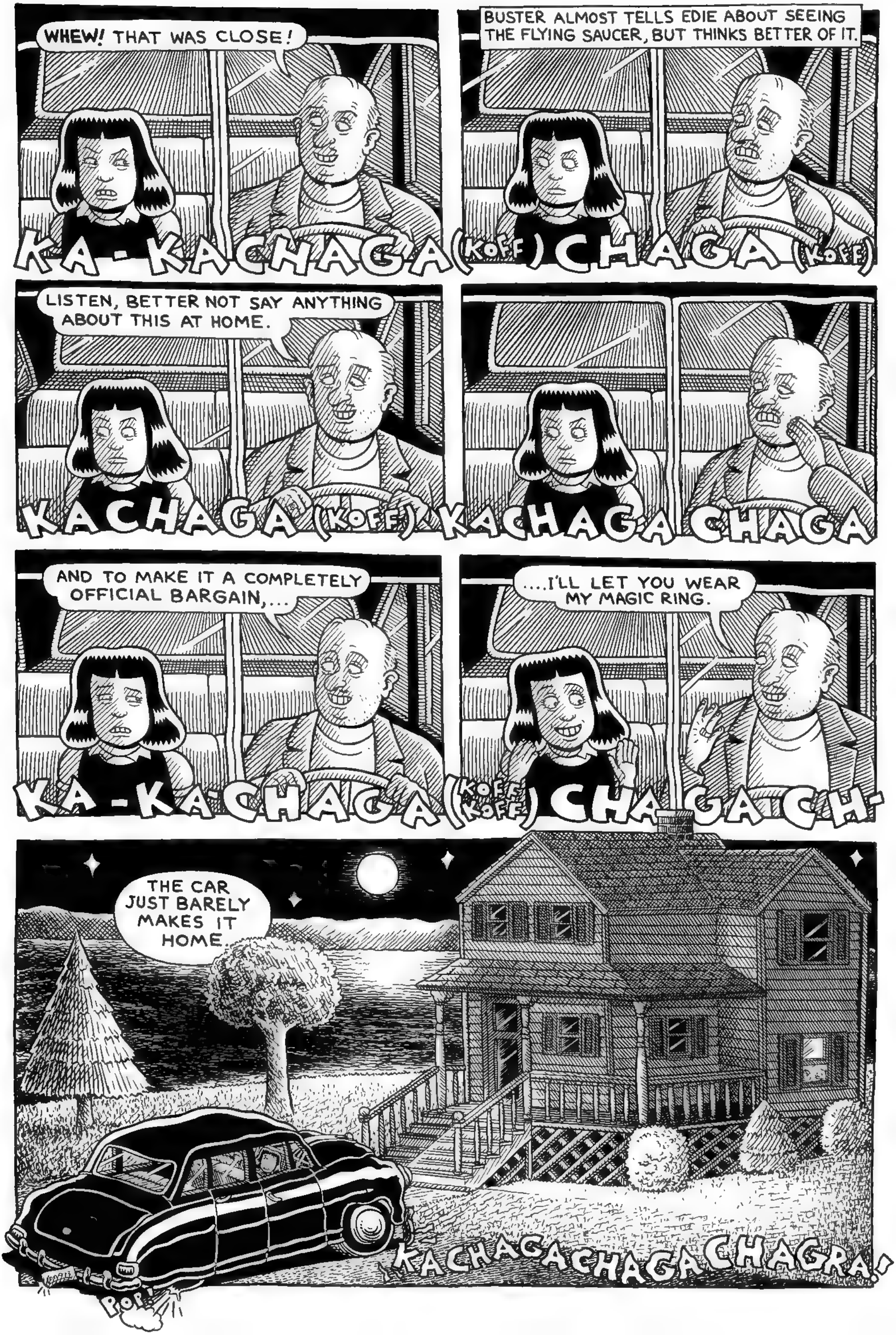

AFTER FINISHING, HE TAKES A PULL FROM A HALF PINT OF LIQUOR,
AND SLIPS OUT OF THE GARAGE THROUGH A SIDE WINDOW.
READY DADDY?
SOON BUSTER AND EDIE ARE ON THEIR WAY!
Coke
J.B. WOODROW
BAIT
GAS
GAS
HEAR ABOUT ED WILLS DOWN THE ROAD?
HUH?
SAYS HE SAW ONE OF THOSE FLYING SAUCERS THE OTHER NIGHT.
GAS
HEY! MAYBE WE'RE GONNA BE INVADED BY OUTER SPACE.
GAS
0079

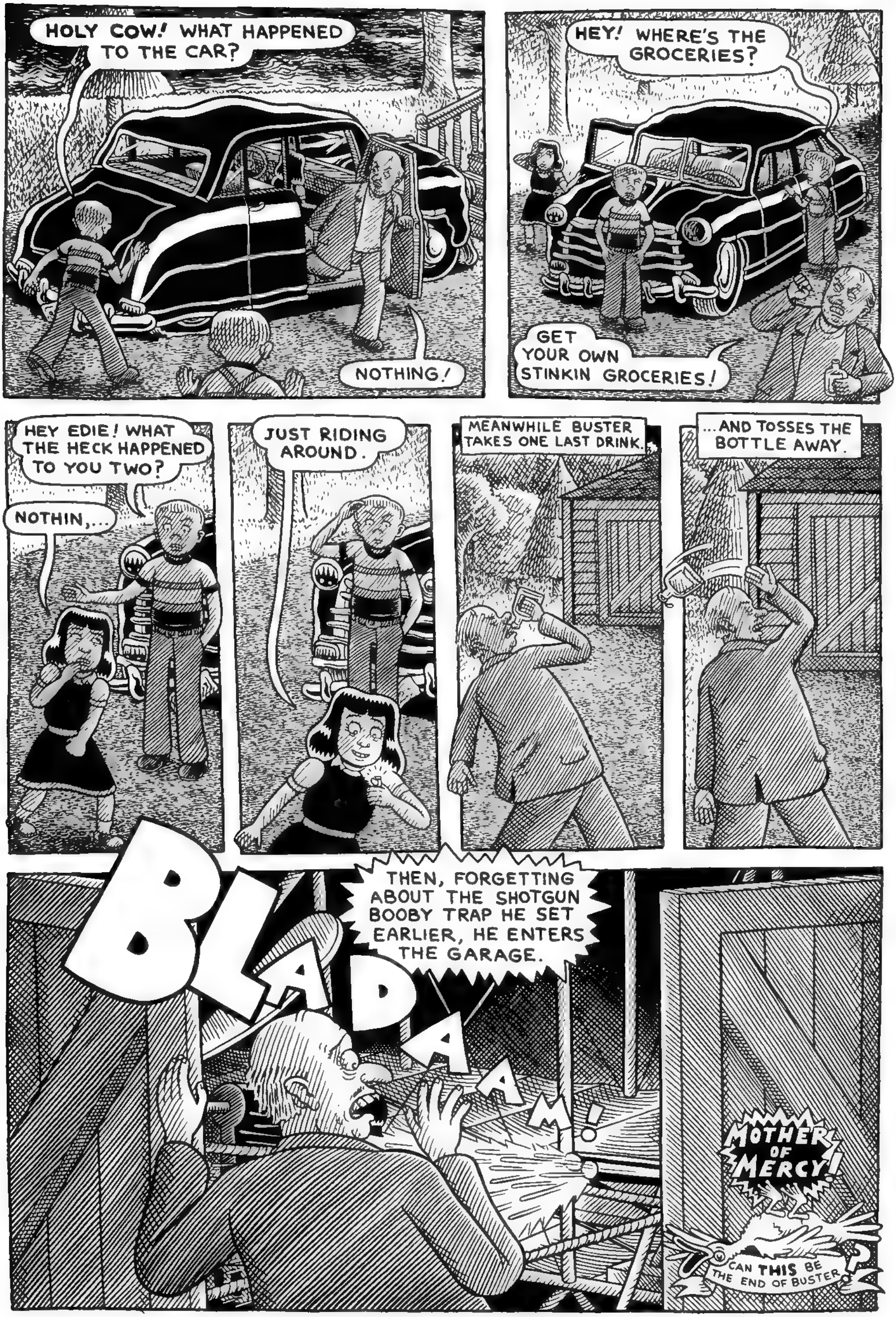

BALONEY!
IT COULDN'T HAPPEN!
....MORE LIKELY IT'S THE JEWS.
BUSTER HANDS THE ATTENDANT A MOBIL CREDIT CARD.
GEE I'M SORRY MISTER,.....
CREDIT CARD MOBIL
YOU CAN'T USE THIS CARD HERE. Y'SEE WE'RE NOT....
BUT BUSTER PAYS NO ATTENTION. HIS EYES ARE FIXED ON SOMETHING UP ABOVE.
IS IT A BIRD? IS IT A PLANE?
WHO KNOWS? BUT TO BUSTER'S BOOZE FOGGED BRAIN, IT SEEMS ALL TOO DISMALLY CLEAR!
IT'S MRS. HOLLA! RIDING HIGH IN A SINISTER JEWISH FLYING SAUCER


IN HIS MIND'S EYE, IT'S ALL TOO SICKENINGLY OBVIOUS!
IT'S AN INSIDEOUS PLAN TO OBTAIN HIS RING AS AN AID TO THE INTERNATIONAL JEWISH CONSPIRACY!
INSIDE THE SAUCER!
DOUBLE BARRELED RAY GUN
JEWISH ALIEN
WITHOUT WARNING, BUSTER PEELS OUT!
GAS
THAT OLD GUY JUST PULLED OUT WITHOUT PAYING!
FORD
POLICE
THE COPS TAKE OFF IN HOT PURSUIT!
FORD
CERTAIN HE'S BEING PURSUED ON TWO FRONTS, BUSTER FLOORS IT.
FORD
HOWEVER THE IMAGINED SAUCER IS SOON FORGOTTEN AS THE COPS HANG HARD ON BUSTER'S TAIL!
00013

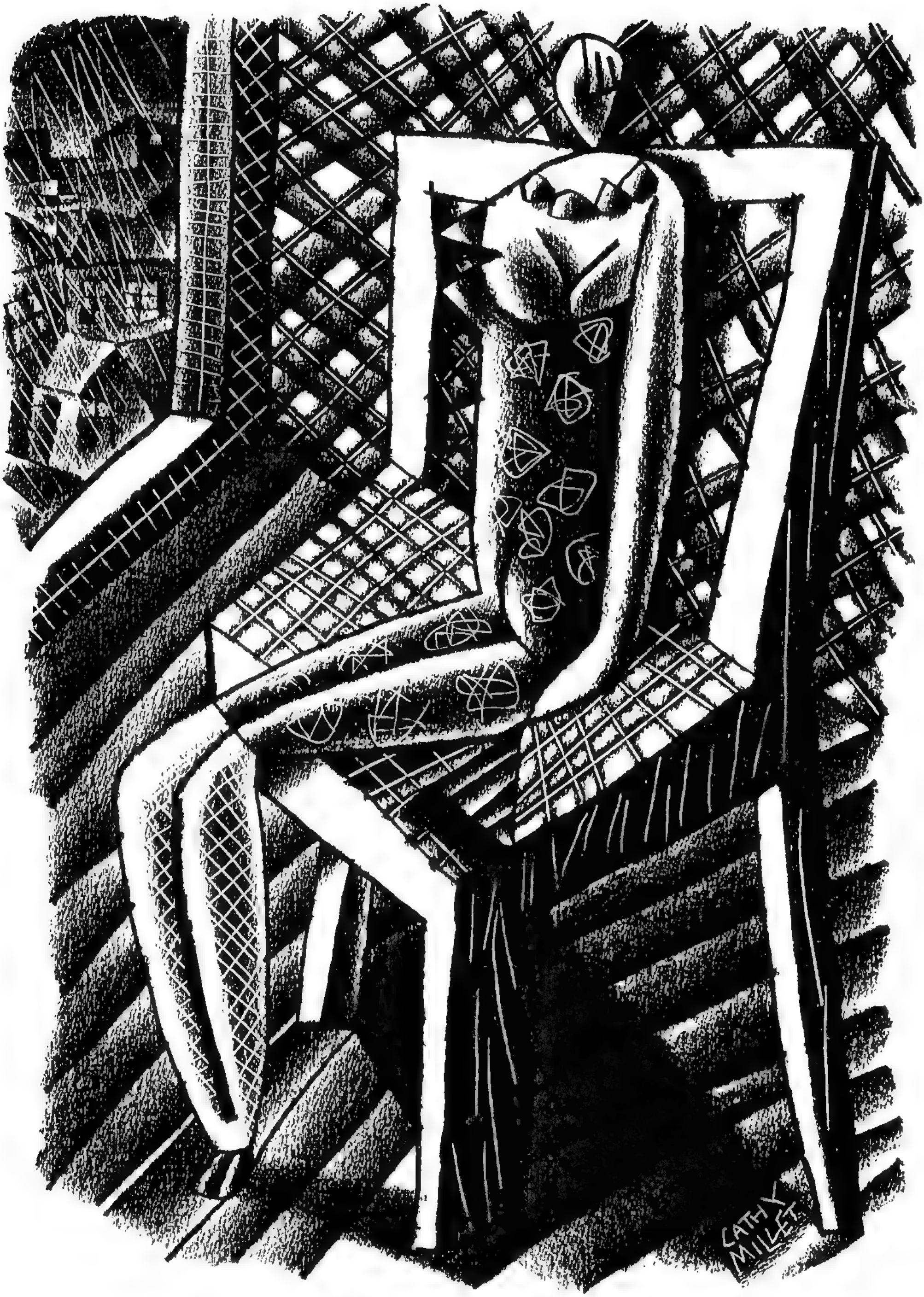

NEARLY CORNERED ON A DEAD END ROAD, HE TURNS ON A DIME....
SCREEECH!
SWIRSH!!
UNEXPECTEDLY BLASTING PAST HIS PURSUERS.
SCREE
NEAR THE COUNTY LINE, HE SWERVES TOWARD A TELEPHONE POLE;
YOU ARE NOW LEAVING DUTTON
BUT STEERS AWAY JUST IN TIME TO AVOID A COLLISION!
00013
BUT THE COPS AREN'T SO LUCKY. THEY TAKE THE POLE HEAD ON!
POLICE
CRUNCH!
BUSTER TAKES A VICTORIOUS PULL ON HIS BOTTLE AS HE CROSSES THE COUNTY LINE.
BUT AS HE SWERVES TO AVOID A DITCH,...
00013


......THE CAR DOES A DOUBLE SOMERSAULT.......
...........BUT LANDS RIGHT SIDE UP.
WUMP!
BUSTER AND EDIE ARE RATHER SHAKEN UP BUT APPARENTLY UNHURT.
BUT THE CAR DOESN'T LOOK TOO GREAT!
AND SOUNDS BAD AS THEY LIMP HOME.
KACHAGACHAGA
KACHABA (KOFF) KA-K-K-CHABACH! (KOFF KOFF)

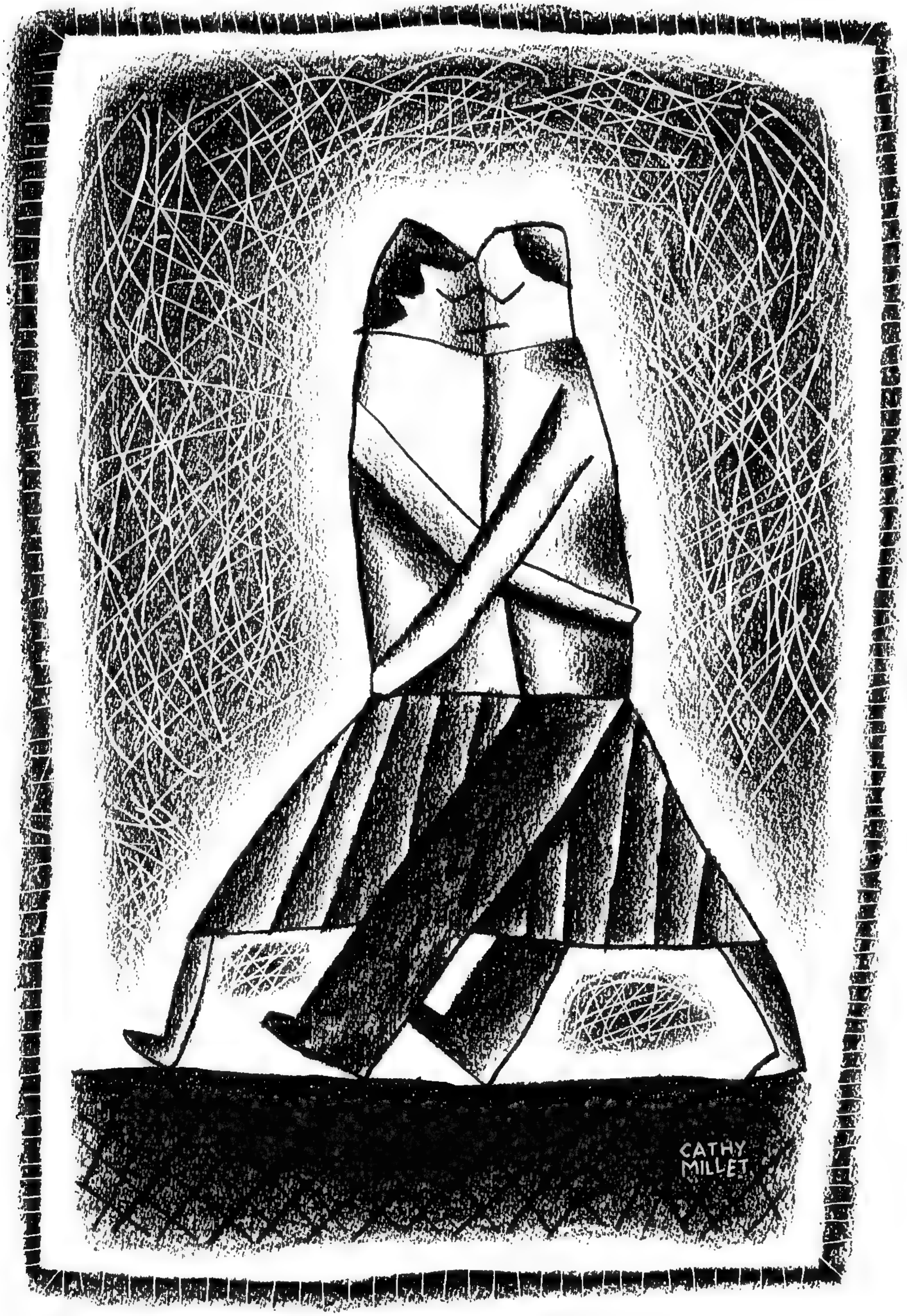

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
BUSTER ALMOST TELLS EDIE ABOUT SEEING THE FLYING SAUCER, BUT THINKS BETTER OF IT.
KA-KACHAGA (KOFF) CHAGA (KOFF)
LISTEN, BETTER NOT SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THIS AT HOME.
KACHAGA (KOFF) KACHAGA CHAGA
AND TO MAKE IT A COMPLETELY OFFICIAL BARGAIN,...
....I'LL LET YOU WEAR MY MAGIC RING.
KA-KA-CHAGA (KOFF KOFF) CHA GA CH-
THE CAR JUST BARELY MAKES IT HOME.
KACHAGACHAGACHAGRA!
POP!


HOLY COW! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CAR?
NOTHING!
HEY! WHERE'S THE GROCERIES?
GET YOUR OWN STINKIN GROCERIES!
HEY EDIE! WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED TO YOU TWO?
NOTHIN,...
JUST RIDING AROUND.
MEANWHILE BUSTER TAKES ONE LAST DRINK.
...AND TOSSES THE BOTTLE AWAY.
BLADAAM!
THEN, FORGETTING ABOUT THE SHOTGUN BOOBY TRAP HE SET EARLIER, HE ENTERS THE GARAGE.
MOTHER OF MERCY!
CAN THIS BE THE END OF BUSTER?

Kim Deitch

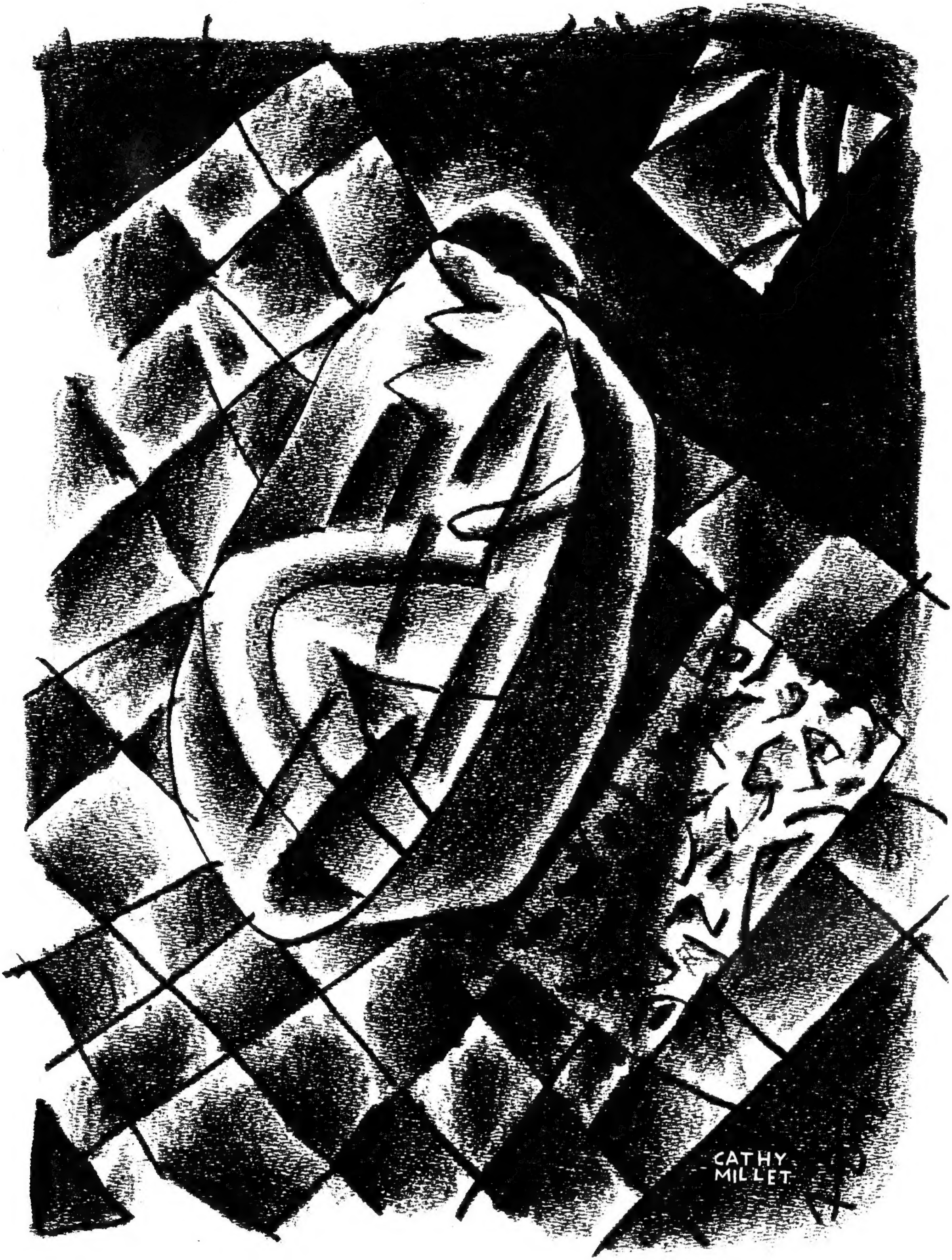

CATHY MILLET

SHE IS SITTING ON A CHAIR, EXPECTING A CHILD

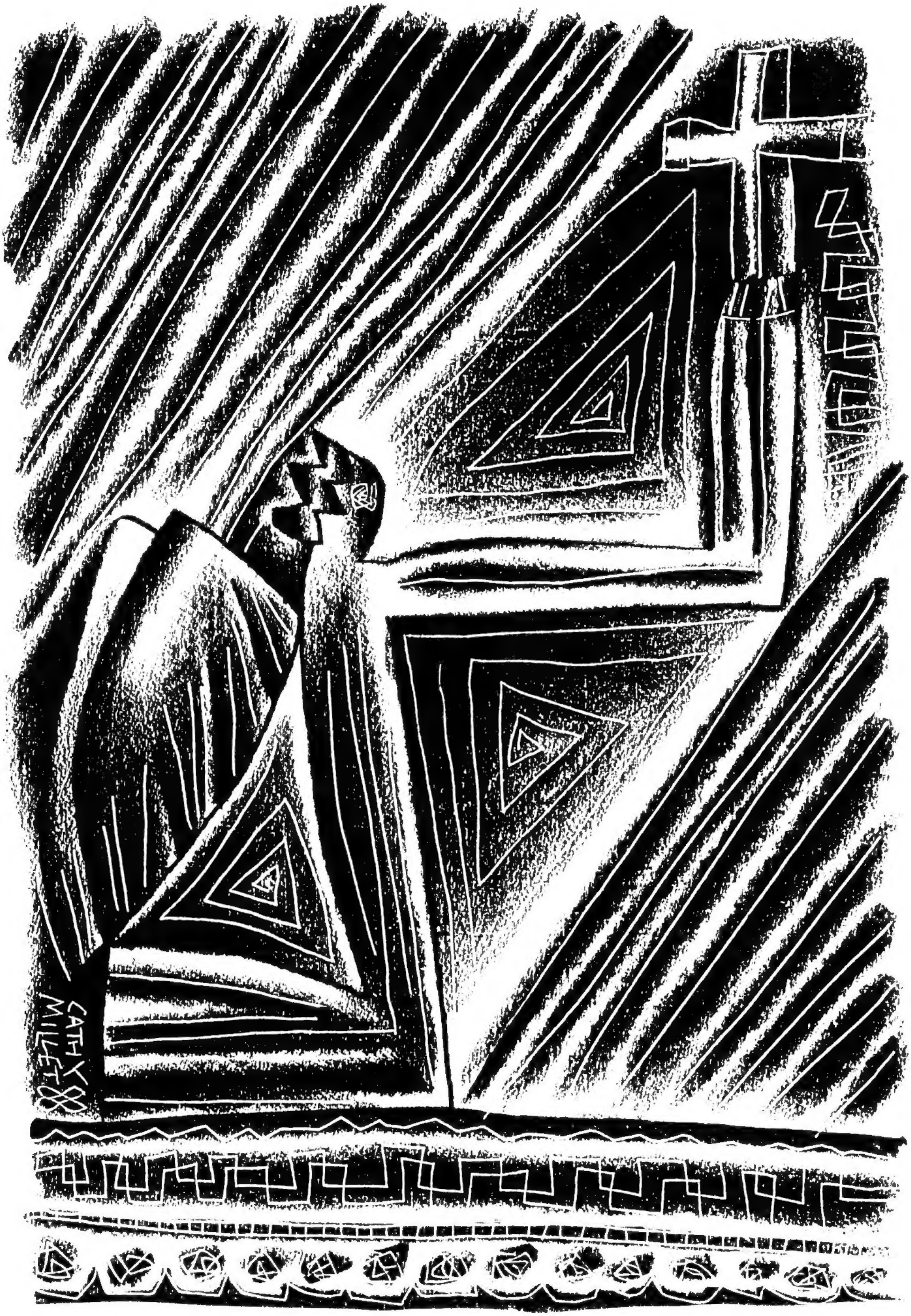


CATHY
MILLET

THEY DANCE SLOWLY


CATHY MILLET

SHE IS HAVING A BATHROOM


CATHY MILLET 88

AN ANGEL APPEARS TO ME EVERY THURSDAY

THE END
CATHY MILLET

FOR BRIAN WILSON WITH LOVE

A Pyramid Scan
CW.
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